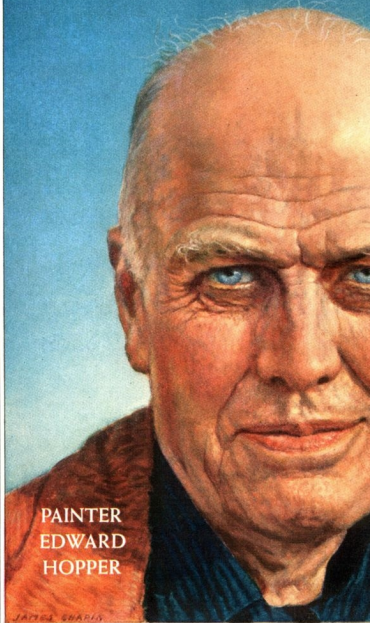


TWENTY CENTS

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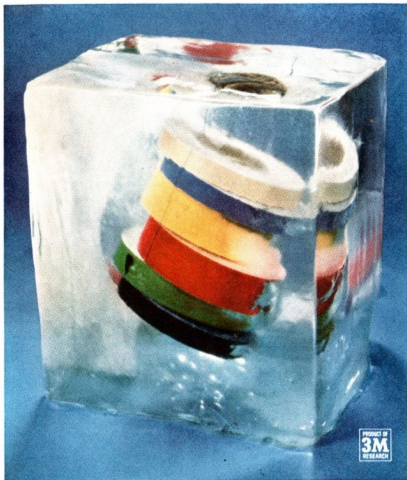
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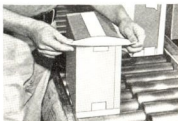
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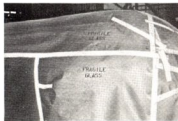
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LETTERS

Atlantic Solidarity

Sir:

I see that American aid will be needed to bail the English and French out of this mess. The money will come from the usual place—the pocket of the American taxpayer. So now we Americans are unpopular over there. Well, O.K., old buddies. If you don't like our peaches, quit shaking our tree.

R. J. ROGERS

Indianapolis

Sir:

Who are you trying to kid with your talk of the self-restraint of the British in the face of petrol rationing? For the past few weeks the breath of every car owner of my acquaintance has reeked of petrol. "Oh, it's only a can in case of emergency; might have to visit the hospital, you know." In the interests of whatever is left of Anglo-American solidarity, I think you should warn any of your countrymen who are proposing to come over here to be very careful where they toss their cigar butts.

JOHN H. BASSETT

Mitcham, England

Eden & Suez

Sir:

If there is such a thing as universal justice, Sir Anthony Eden would be tried under the same statutes of international law applied to Hitler and Göring, as a war criminal.

MILICENT SEWELL COLEMAN

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir:

You Americans criticized Neville Chamberlain for talking and not acting; you criticize Anthony Eden for acting and not talking. Do you know what in hell you do want?

JOHN E. RAVEN

Managua, Nicaragua

Eisenhower & Suez

Sir:

After reading your recent Letters column, I'm amazed at the number of warmongers we in the U.S. have among us and our neighbor to the North. We elected Eisenhower to help keep the peace; now these rabble-rousers are mad because he doesn't drag us into war.

JIM ELDER

New Castle, Pa.

Sir:

Eisenhower's announcement that "We can only act like men" in the Middle East is

merely a resounding squeak from the ex-great leader who proved himself a mouse in Hungary.

MRS. ROBERT W. CATZEN

Pikesville, Md.

Swallowed Whole

Sir:

Now that Egypt's brash hero-for-hire has unshrewdly mortgaged the Arab world's future to the Russians, perhaps the most concise epitaph to the fateful transaction is A. E. Housman's lament on the demise of another imperceptive youth:

*The Grizzly Bear is huge and wild;
He has devoured the infant child;
The infant child is now aware
It has been eaten by the bear.*

RONALD M. RALBOVSKY

Washington

Byrd Watchers

Sir:

Since you apparently know nothing of Virginia's politics or the problems of desegregation [Dec. 31], it would be better if you did not further display your lack of knowledge. As for Senator Byrd, the nation as well as Virginia is fortunate in having a man who is against collectivism.

KATE PATTERSON

Manteo, Va.

Sir:

In the two decades that I have been reading TIME, I can remember few articles with the wit, irony and sagacity shown in such a unique way as your review of the current situation in Virginia.

WALTER J. GIFFORD

Harrisonburg, Va.

Sir:

We Virginians are proud of Harry Flood Byrd. If the recent legislation [against desegregation] is his way of setting Virginia and other Southern states back, hurrah! Save your Confederate money, boys, the South's gonna rise again.

NANCY ROBERTS

Woodbridge, Va.

Sir:

I find it difficult to understand why Harry Byrd and many other Virginians don't take more pride in their Negro citizens and the progress they have made. I have seen other Southern states, where most of the Negroes seemed dirty and devoid of all social graces, but in Virginia, where I once lived, the

average Negro pretty well matched the typical middle-class person anywhere. They are a credit to their state and certainly are not objectionable as fellow students for anyone else's children.

LYNN H. KNAPP

Gorham, Me.

What So Proudly Unveiled

Sir:

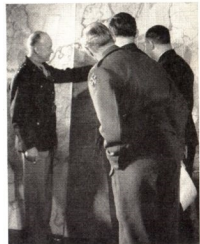
Someone should tell Louis Bouché and the directors of the Eisenhower Museum at Abilene [Dec. 31] that our flag should never be draped—not even in a painting.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

New York City

Sir:

Yes, "the uniforms are all correct," but certainly not the behavior. Where in the



David E. Scherman
IKE, MONTY & FRIENDS

world would you see the officers of the Supreme Command with hands in their pockets?

HEDDA SKRABIS

Detroit

☐ The officer with hands-in-pockets is Britain's Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery who has his own notions of soldierly bearing. For the photograph from which Painter Bouché worked, see cut.—Ed.

Sir:

So Louis Bouché "turned out two tired montages cluttered with uninspiring military scenes." I'd like to have been around when Bouché read that crack.

E. MORISON

New York City

☐ Says Painter Bouché: "As a matter of fact, I wanted it to look like a 19th century montage; as for being tired, I am. I'm tired most of the time."—Ed.

Man of the Year

The Austrian border guard who admitted Hungarian refugees without passport, visa, permit, or investigation and shot the Russian soldier who pursued them.

NORMAN S. GABLE

Ardmore, Pa.

Sir:

I nominate Eden for waking up the West, and showing its complete lack of a foreign

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policy designed to meet Communist expansion, especially in the Middle East.

PHILIP P. B. WARD

Toronto

Sir:

The international plotter and toastmaster—Comrade Khrushchev!

JOHAN C. BJORK

Oslo, Norway

Sir:

Surely Prince Rainier?

J. COLLINS

Dublin

Sir:

If your readers could vote on it, I bet it would be like by a landslide.

BARBARA K. OWEN

Chicago

Sir:

Dag Hammarskjöld who, in TIME's own words, is "working for peace with the kind of quiet effectiveness that would win medals in war..."

MRS. R. J. CHRISTGAU

Minneapolis

Sir:

Danny Kaye—UNICEF's ambassador. His unselfish endeavors brought health and happiness to millions of children throughout the world.

SUSAN E. HETHERINGTON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Unauthorized Version

Sir:

My attention has been called to a letter appearing in TIME, Nov. 26, under the signature of the Rev. Paul Bernhardt, First Baptist Church, Elmira, N.Y. I did not write any letter to your magazine, nor did anyone on my staff; and furthermore no one was authorized to use our official stationery in expressing his personal opinion on the British-French entry into Egypt.

ROBERT GRAY
Pastor

First Baptist Church
Elmira, N.Y.

Callas' Tosca

Sir:

TIME's Nov. 26 review of Maria Callas as Tosca is the final straw. As one who was present at this dull performance, I can testify that Callas looked like Audrey Hepburn, acted respectably and sang like a member of a second-rate road company. Your music critic either has low standards or a tin ear.

JAMES VAN DYCK CARD
New York City

Sir:

Callas is dynamic, explosive and colorful but... she can't sing very well.

JAMES J. GODWIN

Winchester, Mass.

Objection

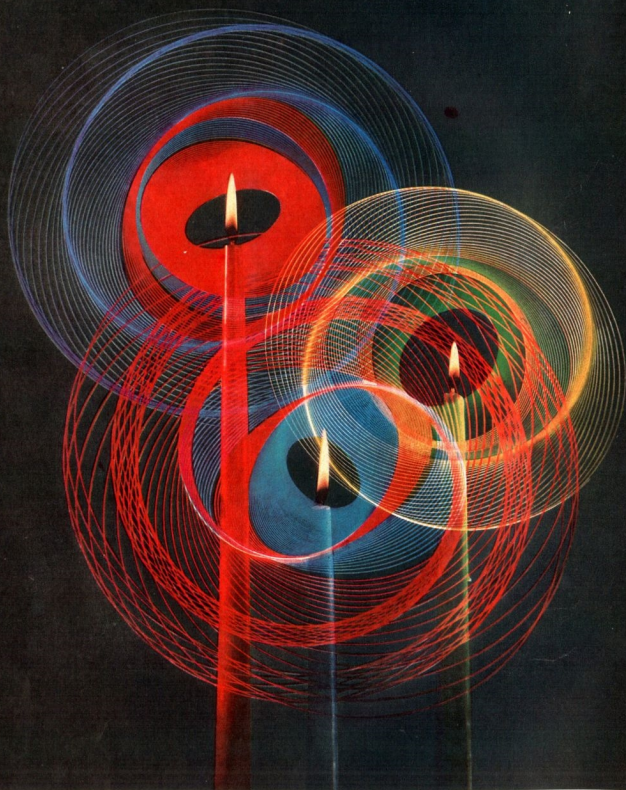
SIR:

I DO NOT KNOW WHO YOUR SOURCE WAS ON YOUR DEC. 10 REPORT OF MY CONVERSATION WITH SHE DOXIE KIRKPATRICK, BUT YOUR ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE IS ALLEGED TO HAVE SAID TO ME IS INACCURATE, TENDENTIOUS AND UNFAIR TO US BOTH. HE MADE NO SUCH STATEMENT AS YOUR ACCOUNT ATTRIBUTES.

DON COOK
CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK "HERALD TRIBUNE"
LONDON

Objection noted.—Ed.



TIME

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Merriest Christmas
and
Happiest New Year

James A. Linen

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Dore Schary, Head of M-G-M Studios, tells how:

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THE NATION

The Face of America

To the dazed eyes of Hungarian refugees in Andau, a small Austrian border town east of Vienna, the awful majesty of the United States of America was seen in the face of a bureaucrat. It was a stern face, a doubting face, and behind it lay the answer as to whether each particular refugee could find haven in the U.S. The tired, dazed refugee could hardly be expected to notice that it was also a red-eyed face, a face sagging with weariness in a round-the-clock humanitarian effort. From their Communist masters, the Hungarians had heard much about the face—all of it bad. Somehow, they had held on to a visceral faith. This, in Andau, was the moment of testing.

There was no air of Christmas holidays in Andau's refugee camp. Men, women and children slept in utter exhaustion on straw pallets. A middle-aged woman awoke with a start, already weeping. She stared around in hysterical terror. Near her, a young man gazed emptily at the ceiling, suddenly leaped from his mat, clutched a filthy rag to his mouth and ran for the door, vomiting as he went. A little girl danced happily around the room, holding a tattered rag doll to her breast, then sat down on the dirty floor and cried soundlessly, helplessly in the shocking, numbing discovery that the long trip of escape was ended.

"We Are Jews." Morning, noon and groaning night, all conscious attention was turned to the closed doors behind which American immigration authorities worked to speed the screening process for entry into the U.S. They were hampered by the impersonal provisions of the McCarran-Walter Act, which took everything into account but the human heart. Nonetheless, under orders from Washington and by their own compassion, they were straining the law to its utmost to make their nation live up to the refugees' unseeing, unreasoned faith.

In one room, a thin, taut refugee and his handsome wife sat before an immigration inspector. The man answered questions rapidly. He was a skilled instrument maker. He had belonged to a union—but never to the Communist Party (membership in the Communist Party is the one sin that the inspectors, under the McCarran-Walter Act, can never forgive). What was

his religion? The man and his wife paled with fear. "We are Jews," he whispered. The inspector nodded. Down went his hand—to stamp approval on their entry papers. Speechless, the man and wife arose, reached for their children and hugged each in turn.

"Perhaps I Was a Coward." In the next office, another inspector questioned an aging woman in a shabby black overcoat. She was a spinster, a piano teacher. How and why had she fled to Austria? Her answer was confused: she had never been mistreated; she had simply been afraid. The inspector looked at her thoughtfully. Down went his stamp.

Up the hall sat a third inspector, confronting a big, soft, middle-aged man and his wife. The man was a factory worker. He had never joined a union. How, then, had he kept his job? The man squirmed. Well, he said, it had never been necessary to join. The inspector's eyes narrowed. Had the man taken part in the Budapest revolt? The man looked at his wife. She looked at him. They shared a mutual

agony. Whispered the man: "I stayed with my wife in our flat. Perhaps I should be ashamed. Perhaps I was a coward." This was truth, the truth itself. The inspector stamped the papers.

By this week more than 6,000 such Hungarians had been airlifted to the U.S. They had gazed, no longer with dead eyes but with new hope, at their new land. They had gone through a good deal of red tape—but red tape, when skillfully cut, can make a beautiful Christmas ribbon.

THE PRESIDENCY

Man from New Delhi

At Washington National Airport this week, an ear-tingling 19-gun salute heralded the arrival of the man who fitfully straddles the chasm between the Soviet's open cynicism and the Western world's open hand, Jawaharlal Nehru, idolized leader of India's millions and to many minds the spokesman for the yearnings (as well as fiery passions) of most Asians and Africans, had come at Dwight Eisen-

James Whitmore—Life



HUNGARIAN REFUGEES SIGHTING
U.S. SHORE FROM MERCY PLANE



NEHRU & WHITE HOUSE HOST
A refreshed understanding.

Associated Press

hower's invitation for his first visit to the U.S. since 1949.

Escorted to the White House by Vice President Richard Nixon, Nehru, dressed in his customary *achkan*, high-buttoned coat and *salwars* (jodhpur-like trousers), jauntily shook hands with Mamie and the President. Said Ike, just back from an 18-day vacation: "It's a privilege and an honor to welcome you to this land—to this house." Next day Ike and Nehru set out to talk in private at the President's Gettysburg farm—which Ike and Mamie had heretofore stubbornly refused to use as headquarters for state visitors.

What was there to talk about? At nearly every stop in the 8,000-mile route from New Delhi to Washington, Nehru had been willing to hint at what was on his mind, e.g., bad relations between the U.S. and Peking, India's economic needs, mistrust of the U.S.-endorsed Baghdad Pact, the Suez Canal, colonialism, etc.

Nehru's visit had originally been planned for last summer but was postponed because of Ike's ileitis operation. Many a Washingtonian thought the new timing a good thing. For Nehru, who in the past has been tempted to juggle a diplomatic double standard of conduct, has come to Washington with the refreshed understanding that U.S. policy countenances no double standard.

Accompanying the widowed Nehru: his daughter, slim, somber-eyed Indira Gandhi, 39, mother of two sons, who acts as India's first lady. A political name in her own right, she is a member of the top-flight working committee of India's big Congress Party, and only woman member—by an overwhelming vote—of the party's

Central Elections Committee. She has always stayed close on the political heels of her father (while feathering his left wing). Like him, she has served time in jail for political agitation against the British, as did her husband, Lawyer-Newspaper Executive-Member of Parliament Feroze Gandhi (no kin to Mohandas). Also like her father, she avoids religious orthodoxy, once explained: "I don't believe in temples, churches or mosques, but one should have an aim in life which is above one's personal needs or desires."



INDIRA GANDHI
An aim in life.

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Fish Facts

Overturning the unanimous recommendation of the U.S. Tariff Commission, President Eisenhower last week rejected a plea by the New England fishing industry that he raise the tariff on groundfish fillets (i.e., boneless cuts stripped from pollock, cod, haddock, other bottom fish) and thus protect beleaguered U.S. ground fishermen against further imports (now 128 million lbs. annually, three times higher than in 1945), chiefly from Canada, Iceland and Norway. While fully aware of the domestic problem, explained the President, "I am . . . reluctant to impose a barrier to our trade with friendly nations"—and especially with nations whose "economic strength is of strategic importance to us." Moreover, "I am not persuaded that [the tariff hike] would constitute a sound step in resolving [the domestic industry's] difficulties"—at the heart of which, Administration spokesmen have pointed out, are declining U.S. catches caused by such made-in-the-U.S. problems as overfishing in local waters and aging vessels.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Ambassador's Blunder

Unfolding his breakfast newspaper one morning last week in Paris, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles received an egg-curdling shock. Addressing the NATO conference opening session one day earlier, Dulles had carefully set the tone of U.S. participation with an appeal for moral principles in international affairs, cited the British-French cease-fire in Egypt as a compliance with morality. But his newspaper bannered a point-blank refutation of Dulles' argument by an influential American diplomat: his breakfast host, Ambassador Clarence Douglas Dillon.

Returning briefly to the U.S. last fortnight, Dillon had paused in Washington to record a radio interview for CBS's *Capitol Cloakroom*. One inevitable question: Why had the British and French stopped their Suez advance? Dillon's exact answer: "Well, I think what is generally felt to be the reason in the Middle East is probably—was probably the main reason, and that was fear of Soviet armed intervention. It was—I don't think—they knew that we were—certainly it was not the oil pressure; that hadn't had time to make itself felt. They knew that we were opposed to this thing, but they had continued as long as they did even in the face of that opposition; they only had to continue for a couple of days more and that job would have been done. The only new element that had come in was these Soviet threats, which were very, very strongly phrased." "But," insisted CBS Newsmen George Herman, "you don't think it was moral suasion that stopped them?" Answered Dillon unequivocally: "I don't think it is moral suasion, no."

Broadcast three days later, Dillon's recorded remarks stirred pro-Americans in Egypt, who were afraid that apparent U.S. sponsorship of the phony Moscow did-it line might harm U.S. prestige just

when that prestige was needed to get the Suez Canal running again. In Washington the State Department quickly announced that Dillon "was expressing his personal views in answer to a question"; privately State's exasperated spokesmen predicted that Soviet propaganda would make much of Dillon's blunder.

After an uncomfortable chat with his Paris house guest, Dillon issued his own statement, emphasized he "had no intention of minimizing the effect of worldwide moral pressure which was exerted through the United Nations." Hedged the ambassador: he would have listed all the causes behind the British-French action, but time ran out on him. Explaining his good intentions, Dillon explained something else as well: why, as a result of such impulses toward irresponsibility, U.S. foreign policy is sometimes criticized as confused.

Diplomats at Work

Back from Paris last weekend flew Secretary of State John Foster Dulles to report to President Eisenhower on what he called the "important and productive" meeting of the NATO Council (see FOREIGN NEWS). On balance, the evidence bore out the Secretary's estimate. Militarily, the council had revised its ideas on mutual defense to take account of modern weapons—and the U.S. had promised to supply NATO with arms capable of firing atomic warheads, while keeping the warheads in reserve. Politically, the members had agreed on a high degree of foreign-policy consultation and coordination, even though the U.S. had stood by its right to independent action in areas, e.g., Latin America and Formosa, outside NATO's sphere. In sum, declared Dulles after his talk with Ike, out of the NATO meeting had come "a new sense of fellowship" and "renewed evidence of vigor and unity" in the Atlantic community.

In other areas of diplomatic activity last week the U.S.:

☐ Took the lead in marshaling the U.N. General Assembly's overwhelming, unprecedented vote (55-8) condemning the U.S.S.R. for its armed intervention in Hungary and calling upon it to make "immediate arrangements" to withdraw its forces under U.N. supervision and permit "the re-establishment of the political independence of Hungary."

☐ Delegated Vice President Richard M. Nixon as President Eisenhower's "personal representative" to Vienna to make a three-day, on-the-spot survey of Hungarian refugee problems. Visiting the U.N., Nixon praised the U.N.'s handling of the Hungarian and Middle East crises as a "fine diplomatic achievement." As for Hungarian relief, said he, the U.S. and the U.N. "may have to raise their sights." Within 48 hours the White House added \$4,000,000 to the \$1,000,000 it has already contributed to the U.N. to help Austria meet the burdens imposed on it by the influx of some 130,000 Hungarian refugees.

☐ Prodded the Cairo government to show good faith by acting to restore Middle East stability. In conversation with Egyptian Foreign Minister Fawzi in Washington

and President Nasser in Cairo, U.S. officials urged prompt resumption of talks aimed at clearing the Suez, settling its international status with Britain and France, and resolving the long-standing Arab-Israeli dispute.

☐ Demanded, in the face of two previous turndowns, that Syria cooperate to allow repair of the Iraq Petroleum Co.'s pipeline cut by saboteurs during the Egyptian hostilities. Declared Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr.: "Unless work begins immediately . . . the oil situation will be aggravated, which means in human terms cold and hunger not only in Europe but in Asia and South America."

THE CONGRESS

Ready for Civil Rights

Michigan's Republican Senator Charles Potter, up for 1958 re-election in an intensely civil-rights-conscious state, last week added his name to the brief list of Senators who will fight for a filibuster-busting rules change in the opening days of the 85th Congress. The attempt is foredoomed, and has diverted attention from a significant fact: there is a real possibility that in 1957 the Senate, its rules unchanged, and the House of Representatives will enact the first major civil-rights legislation since Reconstruction.

The 1956 elections, which saw more Negroes voting Republican than at any time in two decades, convinced Northern and Western Democrats that they must start paying more than lip service to civil rights. The elections also encouraged Republicans to try even harder for the Negro's vote. Result: at least 70 Senators and a healthy House majority are determined to pass a civil-rights bill. In the face of such strength, the Southern leaders of Congress, who pride themselves on recognizing (and facing) reality, are prepared to give way.

Instead of bottling the civil-rights bill up in committee, they will probably let Congress get it out of the way early so that the 85th can move on to other business. Most likely form of the legislation: a moderate bill setting up a federal civil-rights commission—but possibly without the subpoena power that the Administration has requested and which congressional Southerners have violently opposed.

DEMOCRATS

Empty Chairs

When Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, California National Committeeman Paul Ziffren and other dogged Stevenson enthusiasts dreamed up the Democratic Advisory Committee to pressure for liberal legislation in Congress (TIME, Dec. 10), they ranged 20 chairs around the advisory table and hopefully named 20 Democrats to fill them. Three seats were quickly claimed by Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver. But Eleanor Roosevelt gracefully declined (her newspaper syndicate, she explained, might object), and Virginia's ex-Governor John S. Battle announced that he would not become a member under any circumstances. Last week came the ultimate blow when the nominated congressional leaders refused to join the circle.

Out of Texas rasped the reply of House Speaker Sam Rayburn: It would be "a mistake" for House leadership to "work with any committee outside the House of Representatives." A brief three days later drewled the final word from Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson: "The necessity of dealing with an additional committee not created by federal law before taking action would only cause delays and confusion."

In other words, Sam Rayburn, 74, and Lyndon Johnson, 48, are running the Democratic Party in the U.S. Congress.



HOLDOUTS JOHNSON & RAYBURN
Who's running the Democratic Party?

Ed Clark—LIFE

THE ECONOMY

"The Problems of Prosperity"

The opening rounds were fired last week in what may become the great political battle of the second Eisenhower Administration. Principal opponents ranged against each other across a highly polished table in a Capitol hearing room: Texas' Democratic Representative Wright Patman, chairman of a joint congressional subcommittee on economic stabilization, and Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin. Their general subject: inflation. The specific issue: tight money v. easy money in U.S. economic policy.

Wright Patman, nursing (as the *Christian Science Monitor* noted) "an old-fashioned Populist's suspicion of Eastern

banking's Democratic Senator Joseph O'Mahoney. Their substance:

Is the Federal Reserve's credit policy responsible for muffling the housing boom? Said Martin: additional home-building credit will not create more houses, but would increase the demand for already scarce labor and materials and therefore drive up prices.

What about rising interest rates? This, replied Martin, was "one of the problems of prosperity" which are often more difficult than the "problems of adversity." The Federal Reserve "wants interest rates to be as low as it is possible to have them without producing inflationary pressures. Our discount rate has tended to follow the market, not to lead the market."

Does Martin think the "fiscal policy of the U.S. should be carried on exclusively

your first consideration sound people rather than a sound dollar." The opposing school, represented by William McChesney Martin (and Dwight Eisenhower) is convinced that neither the nation nor its people can be sound without a sound fiscal standard.

The issue is almost as old as the nation itself, but the arguments are not as simple as they used to be. Perhaps the wisest suggestion of the hearings came from Economist Elliott V. Bell, onetime consultant to GOP Presidential Candidate Tom Dewey. The whole U.S. economy, said he, deserves a close new look by a national economic council. Reason: since the Federal Reserve system was set up in 1913, long lending agencies, e.g., savings and loan associations, life-insurance companies, union pension funds, have got into



PATMAN
Associated Press



MARTIN
United Press



BELL
Richard Meek



O'MAHONEY
Harris & Ewing

Too much for too little is too dangerous.

bankers," unloosed the first salvo. Opening a subcommittee inquiry into U.S. monetary policy, Patman explained that the hearings were justified by "the danger that the tight money policy may wreck the economy." He attacked the Federal Reserve Board for raising its discount rate (i.e., the fee charged by the Federal Reserve system on loans to member banks) from 1½% to 3% over the last 20 months (*TIME*, Sept. 10). By thus restricting credit, rumbled Patman, the Federal Reserve Board has driven farmers, small businessmen, home and school builders to the wall—all for the sake of high profits to big moneylenders.

"Outright Inflation." Bill Martin replied quietly, lucidly, in a prepared statement. The job of the Federal Reserve Board, said he, is "to determine the volume of credit that needs to be made available in order to keep the economy running in high gear—but without overstrain. Too much credit would intensify upward pressures on prices. Too little could needlessly starve some activities . . . Creating more money will not create more goods. It can only intensify demands for the current supply of labor and materials. That is outright inflation." No sooner had Martin finished his statement than the politically potent questions began flying fast from Chairman Patman and his subcommittee colleague, Wyom-

ing's Democratic Senator Joseph O'Mahoney. Their substance:

Is the Federal Reserve's policy aimed against inflation, how does Martin explain the fact that the cost of living is at an all-time high? "We have never said our policy has been 100% effective and we never will . . . But the real test is how much higher those prices would have risen if the law of supply and demand in the market place had not been permitted to operate to dampen somewhat the rate of spending and proceed to move in the direction of increased savings."

Does Martin realize that high interest rates are preventing school districts from selling their bond issues and thus preventing school construction? Said Martin: if too many schools are built too fast with cheap money, a \$3,000,000 school might wind up costing \$3,500,000.

Well then, does Martin want to delay school building? The calm reply: "I think it is preferable to delay than for everybody to rush in on a limited quantity of steel and building materials and bid the prices up."

The debate over school building pointed up the political cleavage in the hearing. One school, represented by Patman and O'Mahoney, considers inflation worth risking for the sake of social programs. This credo was summed up by O'Mahoney in his admonition to Martin: "Make

the act that used to belong exclusively to the banking system. Moreover, since both political parties are committed to full employment, the new council should examine the relationship between the FRB and the federal agencies that spend Government money and plan employment policy, e.g., the Treasury, Commerce and Labor Departments.

Only one thing was really clear as the hearings adjourned: the Great Economic Debate of 1956-60 has only begun.

Double Wallop

Although about 1,200,000 members of the United Auto Workers are cushioned by a cost-of-living escalator in their contract that contributes substantially to the wage-price spiral, U.A.W. President Walter Reuther wrote President Eisenhower an indignant letter last month inveighing against inflation—which he blamed on "price gouging" and "unconscionable profiteering" by "guilty corporations." Last week, speaking to the U.A.W.'s Skilled Trades Conference in Chicago, Reuther vowed that in 1958 his U.A.W. would "win the highest economic wage concessions we have ever won . . . We cannot convince General Motors to part with its millions by pious platitudes. We've got to have a wallop." The surest results of Reuther's walloping, if successful: higher cost of living, more inflation.

YOUTH

Bright Boy

From dean's office to dormitory, people who knew Freshman John Robert Wagner at Cambridge's famed Massachusetts Institute of Technology began to wonder what had got into him, John, a good-looking, 18-year-old son of a hard-working Chicago court bailiff, came to M.I.T. with just about all the honors that Chicago's Lane Technical High School could heap on him: a place on the super-honor roll, divisional presidency of the student council, a cadet colonel's rank in R.O.T.C., and—finally—the American Legion's coveted high-school award for the class of '56. But for some reason John was falling far behind his M.I.T. classmates.

More puzzling than the bad grades was the fact that John, in Chicago a steadfast member of the Presbyterian Church choir, was getting a reputation for being a big and wild spender. He shoveled money around like snow, ostentatiously picked up the tab at parties and restaurants, jazzed around town in a new \$3,500 Oldsmobile convertible. When his friends asked him where he was getting all his cash, John always brightly shot back that old gag, "I robbed a bank." It was great for laughs.

Going Up. When John's parents received his report card showing three failures and two barely passing grades in the standard course, they began to worry. Said his father: "That wasn't like him at all." Then, early in December, M.I.T.'s dean of freshmen telephoned the Wagners in Chicago, John, he told them, had disappeared in his new car. "That mystified us," said his \$4,500-a-year father. "We thought that maybe he had gotten married to one of those rich girls from those exclusive Eastern schools, and she had given him the \$3,500 for the car, or that maybe he had been framed by dope peddlers. I told the dean to bring in the police." The trail was easy. In less than a week John was traced to a hotel room in Oklahoma City. What did the bright, good-looking boy have to say for himself? Said John: "I robbed a bank."

It all started, he confessed, last summer. After his triumphant graduation from Lane Tech, he turned down two fine scholarship offers (U.C.L.A., Hamilton College) because he thought M.I.T. better fitted his talents. Well aware that his parents could not afford to pay the bill (tuition: \$1,100 a year), he found a \$60-a-week job with Western Electric and began saving his money. Soon he concluded that this job didn't fit his talents either, quit it and tried to land a better-paying one—and failed. Then he had a much brighter idea. "Maybe I wasn't thinking straight," he told the cops, "but I made up my mind that I would rob a bank. I thought I'd manage to get about \$2,500. That much would get me through one year of school."

Going Wild. John then put his highly touted intelligence to work, scouted around for a likely target. "I deliberately

selected a small bank that wouldn't be crowded, and where there wouldn't be an electric-alarm system," he said. He chose the small, upstate Richmond (Ill.) State Bank, borrowed his father's .45-cal. and a neighbor's car, drove to Richmond. In the middle of the day he walked calmly into the bank ("I wanted to be fair, so I didn't wear a mask"), vaulted the counter, flourished the .45-cal. and told the astonished teller to put the money into an empty shopping bag.

He left town at 75 m.p.h., abandoned the car after wiping off his fingerprints (and later sent the neighbor an anonymous note telling him where the car could be found and warning him to keep his



EX-HONOR STUDENT WAGNER
Too much.

garage locked after this). Back home he counted his haul: \$19,060. Said he: "I could hardly believe my eyes. I think I could have handled \$2,500 wisely."

Going Technical. When the police caught up with him, John still had \$4,500. The rest was gone—spent on tuition, books, his car, good times and girls. In Oklahoma City alone he lavished \$1,800 on call girls (at as much as \$500 apiece), ordered a garage to zip up the engine of his car. For the cops he offered a highfalutin analysis of himself and his deeds: "I'm a mixed-up character—one of those teen-agers who know how so many of our age feel. There's the Army, war clouds, decisions about schools and future occupation, and we think we're taking them in stride; then one does something like I did, and we realize we're really mixed up."

Why was he spending \$900 to soup up his car, the cops wanted to know. Replied John precisely: "I don't like that word 'souped.' Why not say I want the motor modified?" Said the cop: "You're getting pretty technical." "That," explained the boy who was too bright, "is why I went to M.I.T."

ARMED FORCES

The First Whoosh!

Army missilemen have been bristling furiously ever since Defense Secretary Charles Wilson set forth orders last month which in effect turned over to the Air Force and the Navy the development of all guided missiles that range farther than 200 miles (TIME, Dec. 10). In theory, this gave the Air Force control of the Army's "unproved" intermediate range ballistic missile (IRBM)—the Jupiter—as well as final control over its own intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM). Just how furious the Army was, only relatively few could know—until last week.

From Erik Bergaust, editor of *Missiles and Rockets* magazine, came word that two months prior to Charlie Wilson's order the Army had in fact fired the Jupiter. Reported Editor Bergaust: the "Jupiter C," a three-stage rocket test device, whooshed from its Florida launching site in September, streaked an astounding 3,300 miles, reaching an altitude of 680 miles at 15,000 m.p.h.—higher and faster and possibly farther than any missile has ever before flown. Pentagon brass studiously avoided comment about Bergaust's disclosure.

If, as some suspect, Bergaust was the happy recipient of an Army leak, it was timely, for at week's end the Air Force was checking weather reports preparatory to launching its own IRBM, the Thor.

New MATS for Old

When the Defense Department created the Military Air Transport Service eight years ago, the Pentagon concluded hopefully that a consolidated airlift arm would end interservice transport duplication once and for all. It was a hollow hope, soon reverberating with echoes of Navy "logistic" transports and the Air Force's own private transports independently zooming off in all directions.

Last week Defense Secretary Charlie Wilson decided to try again, whipped off a directive placing MATS under a "single manager" (Air Force Secretary Donald Quarles), and at the same time increasing the present MATS aircraft strength from 534 to 717. New planes will come from the Navy (67) and three heavy troop-carrier wings (some 100 Gloemaster C-124s) from the Air Force's Tactical Air Command. Thus MATS, whose M-day job hitherto was designed to support TAC and other airlift facilities, will now have the capacity to drop troops directly on target, as well as the job of performing peacetime transport duties.

The new order was not quite airtight: the Wilson directive permits the Navy to retain enough planes for "administrative" functions and assignment to the Atlantic and Pacific fleets and the Air Force to keep a few transport wings for strategic and tactical purposes. And so, in the time-honored way of stubborn service independence, the newly unified MATS will still have independent rivals—and it will doubtless remain for planners eight years hence to do something about it again.

POLITICAL NOTES

Final Count

In the 1956 presidential election, 62,025,576 Americans voted (an estimated 77.4% of the total eligible), breaking the previous record, set in 1952, by 473,658. Final official returns (except Rhode Island, where a handful of absentee ballots remained to be counted), computed last week, showed Republican Dwight Eisenhower with 35,575,420, giving him a plurality of 9,542,354 over Democrat Adlai Stevenson, whose total was 26,033,066. Ike's margin of actual votes was the largest ever awarded a Republican candidate, but still ran second to Franklin Roosevelt's 11,072,014-vote plurality over Republican Alf Landon in 1936.

SEQUELS

Explosion's Echo

South Dakota's Republican Senator Francis Case took the floor last February to announce to his colleagues that an attempt had been made via a \$2,500 "campaign contribution" to influence his vote on the natural-gas bill, aimed at freeing gas producers of federal supervision. In the ensuing explosion, both the Democratic and Republican leaders clucked politely, then hurriedly pushed the bill through, promising to investigate later. President Eisenhower, objecting to the "arrogant" and "highly questionable activities" of gas-bill lobbyists, vetoed the bill (which he favored in principle).

A Senate investigating committee made appropriate noises about a sweeping investigation, then settled for the finding that the money had been offered to Francis Case by attorneys John Neff and Elmer Patman, on behalf of California's Superior Oil Co. Even so, the Justice Department had enough evidence to take Neff, Patman and Superior Oil to court. Last week U.S. District Judge Joseph C. McGarraghy read off the sentence: Lawyers Patman and Neff were fined \$5,500 each, let off with one-year suspended sentences for failing to register as lobbyists; Superior Oil was fined \$10,000 for aiding and abetting their failure.

Indicted last week by a federal grand jury in Scranton, Pa., on charges of conspiracy to defraud the U.S. Government: Pennsylvania's longtime (1945-47, 1949-56) Democratic Representative (and chairman of Philadelphia's Democratic Committee) William J. Green Jr., 46, and former Democratic Representative (1945-47) Herbert J. McClinchey, 52 (who ran unsuccessfully last month for re-election against Republican Hugh Scott), as well as five Pennsylvania contractors. The indictment against Green charged that he received \$10,000 and realized an extra \$20,000 in insurance commissions from the contractors, and, as a member of the Armed Services Committee, practiced "fraud and deceptions" on the Army Corps of Engineers in connection with the construction of a \$33 million Signal Corps depot in Tobyhanna, Pa.

TEXAS

Mr. De

"He had a complete interest in living."
"He had a vast sense of self-importance, and was too tough to have had it whipped out of him."

"He was the most stimulating man who ever lived in Dallas."

"He was the vainest son of a bitch that ever lived."

So spoke Texans last week about a short, plump, big-headed man named E. (for Everette) L. (for Lee) DeGolyer, who towered among the people of Texas and who, last week, surrendered to bad health, shot and killed himself at 70.

In the big world of Texas, where oil millionaires are a breed of cliché, and in the great world of oil commerce beyond,



James F. Longhead—*Fortune*

DALLAS' DEGOLYER

A third kind of millionaire.

Mr. De (as they called him) was—with all his \$30 million—a different kind of millionaire. Born in a sod hut in Kansas, he became a world-famed geologist, helped found the famed oil-hunting Amerasia Petroleum Corp., amassing his millions along the way. Seeking still greater independence, he left Amerasia and in 1936 founded the consulting firm of DeGolyer & McNaughton, soon made a new name for himself as a man of integrity and accuracy in the infinitely painstaking business of oil exploration. His uncanny, top-of-the-head appraisal of oil property came to be accepted in Texas as the last word.

Pulling the Switch. But many a Texan was puzzled over Mr. De's refusal to become merely another Cadillac-comforted caricature. He pursued learning as others pursued the black gold. "So you're the Texan who can read," remarked a cynical reporter one day in the library of DeGolyer's impeccably furnished Mexican-style palace in suburban Dallas. Standing in the huge, 15-ft.-high room choked to

the ceiling with some 20,000 volumes—which ranged from rare editions of Copernicus and Francis Bacon to the best single private collection of works about the Southwest—Mr. De assumed a country-boy pose, pshawed that he bought the books for the pretty red bindings, never read a thing. Tough, stubborn, quizzical. Mr. De delighted in pulling such switches. He could sound in turn like a reactionary, a radical, an ignoramus or a bohemian.

As an unpredictable intellectual, he singlehandedly derricked the foundering *Saturday Review of Literature* out of a hole in 1941 with a check for \$22,500 (and when Editor Norman Cousins offered to have papers drawn up, replied: "We shook hands, didn't we?"). Later when Cousins turned up in Dallas to speak at a meeting of the pacifist Society of Friends, local right-wingers tried to set up a boycott, went to Mr. De for support. Snapped he: "You'll see my answer in the morning papers." In the morning paper was the news that he would introduce Cousins at the Friends gathering.

Conversation Wing-Ding. Of all things Mr. De perhaps loved best a good wing-ding of a conversation; in one evening's discussion he dwelt perceptively on Diego Rivera, the habits of alligators, Dickens, the Oklahoma legislature, fine printing, Arabian oil, academic freedom, the winter treatment for banana trees in Dallas patios. And what he most abhorred in his vain way, was weakness—especially weakness of the intellect. Aging, the sight of one eye totally gone, he began to suffer the blood-draining anguish of aplastic anemia. He feared that somehow his mind soon would be affected, found the thought too much to bear.

"There are two kinds of millionaires," Mr. De used to say. "The silver-spoon boys and the rabbit-foot boys." He classed himself with the rabbit-footers. But among many Texans who stopped last week to recall the vision of the small, strong man with blue eyes, there was the knowledge that there were not two, but three kinds of Texas millionaires: silver spoon, rabbit's foot and Mr. De.

AGRICULTURE

Pop Goes Corn

Ever since the election, Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson had looked forward to smooth plowing for his soil bank program. He needed to rally the corn farmers to the program with more enthusiasm. And to do this, he was prepared to allocate considerably more acreage to the cornmen—though with a lower support price (\$1.31 v. \$1.36 a bu.)—if only the farmers would renounce their surplus-building system of the old acreage allotment plan. Last week corn farmers put Benson's new plan to a vote. Results in the 894 commercial corn counties in the U.S., cornmen stubbornly failed to give him the necessary two-thirds approval; 257,874 cast for the new proposal, 163,327 against.

The news was a shock. Benson worried that his whole soil bank might now su-

fer because—among other reasons—multi-crop farmers who decline to comply with acreage restrictions on one crop, e.g., corn, are not eligible for soil-bank payments on other crops, e.g., wheat, peanuts, cotton. What to do? The Agriculture Department probably will ask Congress to enact in legislation the plan that failed to win the two-thirds majority. Since 61% of the farmers actually voted for his plan, Ezra Benson feels that equity is on his side. He hopes that Congress will feel the same, but before he finds out for sure, Washington can look forward to another blazing Capitol Hill go-around between the Bensonites and the diehard defenders of the oldtime system of high-price supports.

THE SUPREME COURT Harder Look at Taft-Hartley

After taking a hard look at the Taft-Hartley Act, the National Labor Relations Board decided three years ago that it had a double-barreled weapon for blasting Communists out of the labor movement. Barrel No. 1: The act requires all union leaders to file non-Communist affidavits before a union may qualify for the board's vital services, of which an important one is certification of the union as a collective bargaining agent. Barrel No. 2: it seemed logical to the board that, in cases where unions persisted in re-electing officers indicted or convicted for falsifying the affidavits, the NLRB could refuse its services to the whole union until members cleaned house and elected genuine non-Communists.

Last week the Supreme Court, after taking its own hard look at the law, plugged up Barrel No. 2. The court ruled that—even in cases where the members are aware that their leaders are Communists and have perjured themselves in filing affidavits—the NLRB cannot deny its services to the union membership. Principal reason, as outlined in a unanimous decision delivered by Associate Justice William O. Douglas: Congress intended to restrict the NLRB's role to getting the affidavits filed, left it to the Justice Department to examine their validity and exact penalties where required—but only "against the guilty officers." Practical effect of the decision: the NLRB's anti-Communist fire is only half as strong as it used to be.

THE SOUTH Schoolroom to Courtroom

"It is a tragic day in American history," mourned Syndicated Columnist David Lawrence. "What's happened to the government of the State of Tennessee and its governor? Is it still a state of the Union or has it abdicated entirely to the Federal Government?" States'-Rights Lawrence was reflecting the anguish and anger of other states'-righters as the Clinton, Tenn. integration case (*TIME*, Sept. 10 *et seq.*) moved from the local schoolroom to the federal courtroom with the arraignment last week of 16 segregationist

leaders before a federal judge on contempt-of-court charges.

Peace of a sort had come to Clinton itself. Clinton High School, forced by violence to close the previous week, was open again. Negro children walked to school unescorted, attended class unmolested. From Anderson County Attorney Eugene Joyce, 38, came one of the most forthright Southern law-enforcement performances thus far in the desegregation struggle. Facing students in the Clinton High School auditorium, Joyce said: "I have been asked and directed by the Board of Education to come before you and tell you what the Board of Education and what the faculty of this school expect of you in the future."

Acts of segregationist misconduct, said Joyce, will be "dealt with severely and

see judge as "the best all-around U.S. attorney in the country today") were four experienced trial lawyers (including Nashville's Thomas Page Gore, a first cousin to Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore). The attorneys general of Louisiana and Texas sent word that they would attend the trial themselves or have representatives there. Fund-raising drives for the defense were organized in Tennessee, South Carolina, Alabama, Texas, Louisiana and Georgia. The issue to be fought out in Knoxville: Can the federal judiciary properly invoke its broad contempt-of-court powers to enforce the Supreme Court's desegregation decision?

Strategy Backfiring. Many Southern legal eagles argued no, and Conservative Democrat Dave Lawrence stated their case: "Contempt charges . . . have been



Hugh Lenford—Knoxville Journal
COUNTY ATTORNEY JOYCE ADDRESSING CLINTON HIGH STUDENTS
With each peaceful day, the law gains new respect.

swiftly." Not only would students be expelled, but the high-school faculty had been instructed to "pass on to the Federal Bureau of Investigation any actions on behalf of the students that might be construed as violative of the [Federal Court's integration] injunction." Joyce concluded hopefully: "With active assistance from all of you, I believe all students can return to the carefree and rich student life you all deserve." When Joyce finished, the high school auditorium echoed with applause.

Forces Gathering. Stunned by such direct action, the segregationists turned their eyes toward Knoxville, where their leaders' trial was set for Jan. 28, and where in preparation for it great legal forces were already gathering.

Digging up evidence for the trial of the 16 Clinton racists were FBI agents on the one side and investigators for the pro-segregation Tennessee Federation for Constitutional Government on the other. Lined up against U.S. Attorney John Calvin Crawford Jr. (described by a Tennes-

sian applied heretofore primarily to acts committed in a courtroom or with respect to property seized by an individual which he may be forced to bring into a courtroom." This view ignored the classic use of the contempt-of-court charge to enforce the injunctive power, e.g., in the fines totaling \$30,000 levied in 1946 and 1948 against United Mine Workers President John L. Lewis for disobeying a court order to return his miners to work. The contempt citation is, in fact, the obvious way and the only reasonable way that the courts have to back up the Supreme Court's two-year-old desegregation decision.

Nonetheless, in line with the South's general strategy of stalling on integration, the case of the Clinton segregationists is almost certain to be dragged out in the courts for months. In Clinton, happily, that strategy of deliberate dallying may backfire: with each peaceful day, the segregationist cause suffers as the law-respecting students of Clinton High School demonstrate that integration can be made to work.

FOREIGN NEWS

ALLIANCES

How to Help Hungary

A time of both opportunity and danger, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles called it last week. The opportunity presented by Poland and Hungary, Dulles told the NATO council in Paris, was to encourage what he called the prospective "disintegration" of the Soviet system. The danger was that, harassed by such rebellions, the Russians might launch into rash and desperate foreign adventures. And the difficulty, in such a situation, was how best to help Hungary.

West Germany's Heinrich Von Brentano put the difficulty in bold terms. The West obviously did and must support the peoples of Eastern Europe in their attempts to throw off their Russian masters. But just how far could this go, if the West felt helpless to come to their aid with armed force? If East Germany revolted, Von Brentano said, he was afraid that the West German public would want to go to the aid of their compatriots—and thus perhaps bring on retaliation from the Russian army poised on West Germany's borders. Von Brentano's grim recommendation: the peoples of Eastern Europe must be discouraged from "taking dramatic action which might have disastrous consequences for themselves." In other words, sadly but realistically, Von Brentano considered that the Hungarians were too brave for their own good. NATO's new Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak glumly called the Hungarian revolt "the collective suicide of a whole people."

The U.S. attitude towards satellite nations was stated by John Foster Dulles in Dallas just ten days before the election, and largely overlooked in the election excitement. The captive peoples, he said, "must know that they can draw upon our abundance to tide themselves over the period of economic adjustment" after breaking free of Moscow. What if these governments, like Gomulka's in Poland, are Communist? The U.S. does not "condition economic ties between us upon the adoption by these countries of any particular form of society." He also had a message meant to be digested in Moscow: "The U.S. has no ulterior purpose in desiring the independence of the satellite countries . . . We do not look upon these nations as potential military allies. We see them as friends, and as part of a new and friendly and no longer divided Europe."

Last week the NATO powers accepted this logic. "The peoples of Eastern Europe should have the right to choose their own governments freely, unaffected by external pressure," said the final communiqué. In effect, this was an acceptance of the fact that, in the West's best judgment, Gomulkaism is the best the satellite peoples could hope for now—since it is perhaps the most the Russians presently dare accept.

The immediate problem was Hungary,



HUNGARY'S IMRE HORVATH WALKING OUT OF THE U.N.
They may be moved by their increasing isolation.

United Press

where, since neither the Russians nor the Hungarians can subdue the other, a dangerous and wasting anarchy prevails. Searching for a way to help the Hungarians, the U.S. and the West were trying to assure the Russians that the U.S. will not move its military frontiers that much closer to Moscow if the Russians agree to move their troops out.

HUNGARY

Dominate or Be Destroyed

Out of the chaos of Hungary's first "five days of freedom," when everybody could plainly see that the Communists had no true strength anywhere in the country, sprang a new kind of organization, the "workers' councils." They were modeled on Communist Tito's workers' guilds. Their leaders were untrained in rebellion and unskilled in maneuver, but their strength was that they could genuinely claim to speak for the people. Ever since the Russians put Puppet Janos Kadar on the throne, he has sought by persuasion, threat and promise to undermine the workers' councils. He understood clearly, as did they, that he must dominate them, or be himself destroyed. Last week the test began in earnest.

In a month of hasty organization, the workers' councils were able to form a central executive, called the Central Workers' Council, with headquarters on the fifth floor of a building in Budapest's Stalin Square. Here, a fortnight ago, Chairman Sandor Racz, a radio and telephone-equipment worker, his second in command, Sandor Bari, and eight other members of the executive considered a sinister resolution passed by Kadar's stooge Communist Party. The workers' councils, said

Kadar's men, were being used to take power away from legal branches of government and "must be stopped by arms." "This is a declaration of war against the workers," said one council member.

"Come Around." The Central Council decided to call a 48-hour protest strike. There was only one way the council could notify the scores of widely separated factory councils, without also tipping off the police: by radio. There were no longer freedom radio transmitters in Hungary, but the Central Council left, in a place where it knew members of the foreign press corps would pick it up, a resolution calling for a general strike. Then it went into hiding, trusting that the foreign correspondents would get the story out, and that Radio Free Europe, the Voice of America and the BBC would bounce it back into Hungary so that every factory council would hear it.

Unfortunately, the police got word of the coming strike. Kadar slapped martial law on the country, cut off all outgoing telephone circuits. Then he quietly took over the Central Council telephones in their headquarters. Factory and council representatives, mystified by rumors, called up asking, "What's the decision?" Kadar's men replied: "Can't tell you on the phone. Come around." One by one the factory-council representatives were arrested.

Then a break came. On a routine call from another satellite capital, Reuters news agency got through to Budapest by accident, picked up the strike story. All that day the world's free radio stations boomed the Central Council's strike resolution into Hungary. Next morning there was a complete general strike.

In the big industrial towns of Gyor,

Debrecen, Dunapentele and Szolnok, no wheel turned. The coal mines were deserted. At Salgotarjan 80 people were killed when police fired into a crowd of 10,000 workers who demanded the release of their workers' council representative. But the most serious disturbances were at Miskolc, near the Czech border. Following a raid by Freedom Fighters who came down from the Bukk Mountains and destroyed a Communist newspaper plant, Soviet soldiers retaliated by setting fire to a theater in which workers were holding a strike meeting. Later the Freedom Fighters descended from the hills again, fought a pitched battle with the Soviet soldiers and drove them out of part of the city which the rebels continued to hold. In the provincial areas there were increasing reports of Soviet soldiers deserting, joining the rebels, and supplying them with arms and ammunition.

In Budapest even the food stores were closed. An old news vendor had her newspapers snatched away and torn to shreds. There was water, gas and electric power, but no traffic police. Some Soviet tanks stood roped off in planted positions, but armored cars patrolled continuously. In front of the National Theater, Sunday gathering place for Budapest, an old man, made brave by wine, smashed his empty bottle against a Soviet tank. Police rushed in, beat up the old man with rifle butts. This was too much for the crowd. They rushed up to the police. The Russians fired a machine gun over their heads.

"Shame on You!" Reported an eye-witness: "The people seemed suddenly aware that the Russians would not kill them, as though an order had gone out that there were to be no shootings by military units. They surged around armored cars, crying, 'What are you doing here? This is our city, Go home! Shame on you!' The Russian soldiers showed the strain of their position, shouted back at the crowd, waved their arms, guns. Then, to shift the crowd, the Russians got their tanks moving, wheeled and skidded them on the sidewalks—showing how much they had recently learned about maneuvering tanks in city streets—chasing people back and forth. But they never chased them away. Hundreds of people just kept dodging. Finally it was the blue-clad police, the real killers, firing burp guns, machine guns and pistols, who sent the crowd fleeing down the alleyways. Next day, as the strike continued, the crowd became even bolder. With a calm that chilled the spines of onlookers, a group of some 500 quietly stood their ground as a unit of Kadar's militia advanced toward them, firing over their heads. Soon brown uniforms and plain working clothes were toe to toe, bare inches apart. There was a moment of silence; then the uniforms turned away amid jeers and cries of 'Shame! Shame!'

Arrests in the Fog. Even Kadar's radio had to admit that the "workers' movement has never seen such a strike." That night there were many arrests. In the swirling fog, lanced by armored-car head lamps, the blue-clad police and steel-helmeted Russian infantry cordoned off Bu-

dapest and went from street to street, door to door, demanding identity papers. In their gloved hands they held lists of names of wanted persons: members of the workers' councils, journalists, writers, poets, intellectuals who had backed the revolution and helped keep Hungary informed of events. That night the sound of a woman wailing as her man was taken away, or the sob of relief as a man went free, could be heard in any street. In some last desperate effort to hold power, Kadar (some said with Russia's Secret Police Boss Ivan Serov at his elbow) was destroying his last bridge with the people.

The only sanctuaries left in Budapest were the factories where armed workers stood guard. At one factory, Central Council Chairman Sandor Racz, called "The

Boss" despite his 23 years, was protected by bodyguards whose hands never left their weighted pockets. But now that the impact of the strike was being felt, people everywhere were saying, "What more can we do?" Their hatred for Kadar and the Russians had not diminished, but they had to eat, to find coal, panes of glass. There was no doubt in Racz's mind about the next step. Emerging from his factory sanctuary, he went, with Sandor Bari, to Parliament House, on Kadar's invitation "for consultations." That night the radio announced the arrest of Racz and Bari.

Racz had not gone innocently to his fate. Before he left the factory, he gave a statement to Italian Newsman Gabriele Benzan to be printed in case of his arrest. The government, said Racz, "is aware that the country is not behind it. It realizes that the only organized force in Hungary is the working class. Therefore, it aims at dismantling the workers' front. But the government will never succeed in crushing the will of the workers. The workers are prepared to die to defend their ideals."

Under Kadar's martial law, to die was the least Racz could expect.

UNITED NATIONS

"Acts Deserve Acts"

In the U.N.'s eleven years no delegate has been so roundly denounced or so contemptuously pointed at as Imre Horvath, Foreign Minister in Hungary's puppet Kadar government. One morning last week, Imre Horvath rose to complain: "A number of delegations have rudely and disgracefully offended the government of the Hungarian People's Republic. The Hungarian delegation will therefore not participate in the work of the . . . General Assembly so long as the discussion of the Hungarian question does not proceed in the spirit of the U.N. Charter." Then, packing up their papers, Horvath and his aides walked out.^{*} "One Soviet agent less," shrugged U.S. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge.

Horvath's departure did not halt discussion of a resolution condemning Russia for her intervention in Hungary. Even Burma, once a pillar of Asian neutralism, joined in the attack. "There, speaking of Hungary, but for the grace of God go we," said Burmese Delegate U Pe Kin.

The resolution, sponsored by the U.S. and 19 other powers, contained the harshest language the U.N. had ever used toward one of its members. Yet, when the roll was called, not a single nation outside the Iron Curtain joined Russia in opposing it (see box).

Harsh as it was by U.N. standards, the censure resolution failed to dissipate the sense of guilt which many delegates felt toward Hungary's heroic rebels. "We are reproached," said Ireland's Frederick Boland early in the debate, "by the saying

^{*} Temporarily reducing the General Assembly membership to 77. South Africa, angered by U.N. "interference" in her racial problems, withdrew her permanent delegate three weeks ago.

THE ROLL CALL ON HUNGARY

"The General Assembly . . . condemns the violation of the U.N. Charter by the government of the U.S.S.R. in depriving Hungary of its liberty and independence and the Hungarian people of the exercise of their fundamental rights . . ."

AYE

Argentina	Ireland
Australia	Israel
Austria	Italy
Belgium	Laos
Bolivia	Lebanon
Brazil	Liberia
Britain	Libya
Burma	Luxembourg
Canada	Mexico
Ceylon	Nepal
Chile	Netherlands
China	New Zealand
Colombia	Nicaragua
Costa Rica	Norway
Cuba	Pakistan
Denmark	Panama
Dominican Rep.	Paraguay
Ecuador	Peru
El Salvador	Philippines
Ethiopia	Portugal
France	Spain
Greece	Sweden
Guatemala	Switzerland
Honduras	Thailand
Iceland	Tunisia
Iraq	Turkey
	United States
	Uruguay
Venezuela	

NAY

Albania	Poland
Bulgaria	Rumania
Byelorussia	Ukraine
Czechoslovakia	Soviet Union

ABSTAINED

Afghanistan	Jordan
Cambodia	Morocco
Egypt	Saudi Arabia
Finland	Sudan
India	Syria
Indonesia	Yemen
	Yugoslavia

of Pericles: 'Acts deserve acts, not words, in their honor.' We do not hope to move the Russians by our appeals and our condemnations; they may be moved, however, by their own increasing isolation."

NATO

Burying the Discords

The 15 foreign ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization met in Paris last week in a chastened mood. Britain and France were sulky with the touchiness of those who know they have been found wrong, still think they were right, but are anxious to get back in everybody's good graces. With Russia putting on a show of brutal power in Hungary, the smaller nations had had a terrifying glimpse into a future in which the three

which would require each NATO nation to consult others on problems affecting the alliance. France's Christian Pineau wanted obligatory consultation on all foreign policies. Even more grandiosely, Britain's Selwyn Lloyd suggested a "grand design" of an Atlantic Pact superstate complete with parliament.

The report of the "three wise men"—Canada's Lester Pearson, Italy's Martino, Norway's Halvard Lange—was less ambitious. While arguing broadly that "there cannot be unity in defense and disunity in foreign policy," its recommendations were hedged carefully with a sense of reality. Its chief recommendation: "Member governments should not adopt firm policies or make major political pronouncements on matters which significantly affect the alliance" without

NATO members should try to settle disputes among themselves (e.g., Cyprus) within the NATO organization itself, empowered the Secretary-General to offer his good offices in the mediation, thereby making the job more than the mere functional role it had been under Lord Ismay.

Come down. When it came time to examine NATO's defenses, there was little argument, but not much cause for cheer. Faced with the economic crisis brought on by Suez, Britain told the council frankly that it could no longer maintain its defense expenditures, which are currently running at \$4.2 billion a year or 9% of the total national product. France admitted that there was no prospect of bringing back the four divisions it pulled out of NATO's shield for service in North Africa.

The comedown was considerable from the high hopes of Lisbon in 1952, when the NATO council set a goal of 65 "ready" divisions. In 1954 NATO cut back its hopes, adopted a "new look" strategy based on the use of tactical atomic weapons behind a thin "plate-glass" shield of infantry, and put the new target at 30 divisions. The plate glass was getting thinner all the time. Last week NATO could field only 15 "shield" divisions, of which five were U.S., four British, to defend the line from the Alps to the Baltic.

The cutbacks were not made in the name of new look strategy, but of old-fashioned hardship. "If the burden is too great to carry, we cannot go on carrying it," said Chancellor of the Exchequer Macmillan. His remarks were directed primarily at thriving Germany, which is spending only a modest \$280 million on its lagging defense, and has threatened to stop all support payments for the four British divisions in Germany after May 1957. The British taxpayer, Macmillan made clear, was fed up with Germany's letting Britain carry Germany's defenses. Since Germany had to confess that it could supply only 360,000 German troops instead of the 500,000 it had promised, West Germany's Heinrich von Brentano agreed to make up the difference by continuing to pay British support costs.

"Dual Purpose." One after another, NATO's European members insisted that their economies could not stand any stronger drain on their resources. The answer, they argued, was to provide more firepower with fewer men. How? Equip all NATO divisions with tactical atomic weapons. Since Britain's atomic production is too limited to supply even its own divisions adequately, this came down to a demand on the U.S. Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson pointed out that U.S. law bans the sale of U.S. atomic weapons, but he agreed that the U.S. would supply and train Europeans in the use of "dual purpose" weapons which can carry either conventional or nuclear warheads.

With that, the U.S.'s European allies would have to be content. Many had hoped for a more sweeping U.S. commitment, both military and political. But most were grateful for the simple proof that the alliance was still more important to its members than their quarrels.



DULLES, PINEAU & LLOYD IN PARIS

The alliance was more important than the quarrels.

senior partners might be split. There was sudden new interest in NATO's defenses, and an urgent search for ways to make sure such a split would not happen again.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, showing little effect of his recent cancer operation, arrived, talking generally of economic aid to see Europe through the oil crisis, and of "burying past discords." In private conferences, first with Pineau, then with Lloyd, Dulles assured them of U.S. backing for quick clearance of the Suez Canal. At the opening session Dulles lectured the assembled ministers like a Presbyterian elder, pointing out that morality is the real binding force of the Western alliance. With pointed reference to Britain and France, he said that maintenance of moral pressure was a vital factor in bringing about the disintegration of the Soviet-Chinese system.

Keeping in Step. After that, the NATO nations fell over each other in proposing new devices to keep future policies in step. Italy's Gaetano Martino proposed a permanent consultative body to develop a "common Western policy" for areas both inside and outside the NATO areas. West Germany's Heinrich von Brentano suggested an amendment to the treaty itself

advance consultation with the NATO council.

The NATO ministers chorused approval, and Dulles called the report a "careful, scholarly, wise work." But then Dulles offered some reservations. The U.S. has pacts with 44 countries, he pointed out, and only 14 are included in NATO. If, for instance, the Chinese Communists attacked Formosa, the U.S. would be obligated to react without consulting NATO. This seemed to be exactly the argument Britain and France had used after their attack on Suez, but the difference, said Dulles, was that the U.S. had explained its stand on Formosa to NATO well in advance.

French papers at once angrily charged the U.S. with an "apparent desire to impose on her allies a code of international rules, all the while reserving the right not to respect them herself." NATO's new Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak (see box) was more understanding. "After all, you couldn't expect a country the size of the U.S. to promise to consult a little country like Belgium before taking action on every problem posed to it anywhere in the world." The council approved the three wise men's recommendation that

SWITZERLAND

Neutrality Is Not Indifference

In their devotion to neutrality, the canny, conservative men who govern Switzerland frequently carry noninvolvement in international politics to a point where the mountains seem to echo to the cry of hear no evil and see no evil. But the events in Hungary have stirred the Swiss like nothing has in years. Last week, casting traditional impartiality to the winds, Foreign Minister Max Petitpierre told the Swiss Parliament that in Hungary "we have witnessed and are witnessing the cold enslavement, through armed force, arrests and deportations, of a nation whose only crime is to strive for independence. There is not a Swiss worthy of the name who does not realize with horror that something is happening which is a crime against humanity."

"The Hungarian uprising proves that Communism is an unnatural kind of government, incapable of keeping its promises politically or economically, a regime that cannot exist by itself but that has to rely on the presence or intervention of a foreign army."

None of this, concluded Petitpierre, meant that Switzerland should abandon the absolute neutrality which has even led her to reject membership in the U.N. "But," he emphasized, "neutrality as we practice it is not tantamount to moral neutrality, neutralism or indifference."

Every man in Parliament, save three Communists, rose to give Petitpierre a standing ovation. Said one government official exultantly: "Now everybody knows where we stand."

The Swiss Ski Association formally asked the Soviet Winter Sports Federation to keep its members away from Swiss ski competitions. The presence of Russian athletes, explained the Swiss, might well provoke "unpleasant demonstrations" among the Swiss themselves, and among the 10,000 Hungarian refugees to whom Switzerland has offered asylum.

POLAND

The Rule of Chaos

Stettin is an overcrowded, underemployed port on the Baltic Sea whose lusty waterfront population takes its politics with violence and vodka. Last week a couple of cops who tried to arrest a slaphappy vodka drinker touched off a political riot that had Wladyslaw Gomułka's new government in a nervous dither.

A group of young men who tried to separate the cops from the drunk were quickly joined by habitués of the Pod Jeleniem and Pod Gryfem bars and the Centralna and Magnolia cafés. Soon the Aleja Wojaka Polskiego was crowded with 2,000 grim, destruction-bent Stettinians. Out of the intense anti-Soviet feeling that floods Poland today came a focus for their violence: Stettin's Soviet consulate. Soon the mob had broken into that building, wrecked and looted its contents. Only when the Stettin Communist Party com-

mittee called in sober-minded shipyard workers, students and local militiamen were the rioters brought to order.

The Stettin outbreak was the most serious of a series of anti-Soviet incidents that have rocked Poland in recent weeks. At Bydgoszcz a radio-jamming station was burned down and the local police headquarters attacked to shouts of "Long live Gomułka." At Kutno, an important rail junction between Warsaw and Poznan, a Soviet supply train was attacked, and at Legnica, main Soviet base near the German frontier, a Soviet officer's house was burned down. Throughout Silesia workers' groups passed resolutions protesting

against the latest measures of the Kadar regime in Hungary. Last week in Poznan, center of the June riots, 30,000 steelworkers capped three days of anti-Soviet demonstrations with a demand for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary.

The danger facing Communist Party Secretary Gomułka is that the Soviet Union may step in and attempt to reoccupy Poland on the excuse that he no longer has control of his country. Said Gomułka's *Trybuna Ludu* last week: "Do the passive onlookers not realize that there are hostile forces vitally interested in the rule of chaos and in the paralysis of authority?"

LEO ROSENTHAL—UPI



MR. EUROPE

Appointed last week to the top administrative post in NATO: Paul-Henri Spaak, Belgian statesman and longtime champion of European unity. He will succeed able, self-effacing Lord Ismay, who retires as Secretary-General in April. Spaak will be given more power than Ismay.

Background: Born in Brussels on Jan. 25, 1899, Spaak, like his native land, is an amalgam of two widely divergent strains. His Flemish father was one of Belgium's best-known artists, a poet, playwright and director of the Brussels Royal Opera. His mother, a Walloon, was Belgium's first woman Senator, the daughter of one of the nation's great 19th century liberal leaders and the sister of a former Prime Minister.

Career: A brilliant, if often erratic student, young Spaak was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1916 when he tried to cross the Belgian frontier to join King Albert's expatriate army. Released at war's end, he studied law at Brussels, finished the five-year course in 2½ years and, well-endowed with his father's gift for the dramatic, had a brief fling at the bar before entering politics as a fiery young Socialist (he was called a "Bolshevik in a dinner jacket"). In 1938 he became his nation's youngest Prime Minister, and has spent most of the years since either in that job or as Belgium's Foreign Minister. His nationwide popularity was dented strongly only once: when he led the successful but divisive campaign to prevent the return of Leopold III to the throne (Leopold at last agreed to abdicate in favor of his son Baudouin).

Family: Married in 1924 to the daughter of a wealthy industrialist. They have three children, one married to a British diplomat.

Outlook: Spaak was the first president of the U.N. General Assembly in 1946. In 1948 he called loudly and clearly for the West to organize and

arm itself against the threat of Russia. Ever since then, he has been in the forefront of every effort toward European unity, impatient at "lip service" and "halfway measures toward that end as he has been active and ardent in support of practical progress." "To believe that we can still defend ourselves, by ourselves," he told the Belgians last year, in support of NATO "is completely absurd." And he added: "For me, NATO must also be the political center of the West." Speaking in Moscow at the time of the Suez invasion and the Russian intervention in Hungary, he came back to denounce U.N., privately but in strong terms, for being ineffectual.

Personality: Sometimes called a "junior Churchill" because of his genial, jowly resemblance, balding, 230-lb. Spaak is an eloquent and dramatic speaker in his own right, with an inexhaustible fund of energy and a warm passion for good talk, good food and good company. Writing in histrionic impatience on a parliamentary bench, his face contorted with unspoken rejoinders, he has been known to reduce opposition speakers to near paralysis. At work alone, however, he is calm, efficient and dictatorial. "You can do whatever you want," runs his formula for those who work with him, "so long as you want what I want." As presiding officer of NATO he will undoubtedly exercise just such forceful authority. "Spaak," says one European statesman who has sat under the gavel of a Spaak chairmanship, "is perfectly capable of locking you in a room and saying, 'Messieurs, you don't get out till the treaty is signed.'"

YUGOSLAVIA

High Wire

For one accustomed to walking the political tightrope, Marshal Tito's nerve has been severely tested by the netless high wire separating the national Communism of Poland from that of Hungary. In Poland the Soviet Union tolerates Wladyslaw Gomulka's "pure" national Communism; in Hungary it cracked down mercilessly when Imre Nagy tried to dilute national Communism with social democracy. Since the Hungarian crackdown, Tito has gone to elaborate lengths to prove to the Russians the "purity" in Moscow terms of his own brand of national Communism. Last week he did his best to show that his regime was not guilty of democracy.

The one man in Yugoslavia who openly calls himself a Social Democrat is ex-Vice President Milovan Djilas, onetime Tito favorite and World War II partisan fighter. Last month, deeply moved by what was happening to Hungary, Djilas wrote to New York's leftist but anti-Communist *New Leader* that the Hungarian revolution is the beginning of the end of Communism (TIME, Dec. 3).

Off to Sing Sing. A few days later Djilas was seized in his Belgrade home and sent to the prison Belgrade's call Sing Sing. Early one morning last week granite-hard Djilas, flanked by two tall guards, was brought into Belgrade's Circuit Court, an austere timbered room resembling a southern Baptist Church, where a panel of three judges sat under a large portrait of Tito. Smiling confidently, and nodding to his wife in the public benches, Djilas listened to the prosecutor read the indictment: "Milovan Djilas . . . a Montenegrin . . ." Djilas interrupted: "Not a Montenegrin, a Yugoslav." Then the court was cleared and 32 foreign correspondents were ordered out.

Djilas' secret trial lasted twelve hours. At its end the public was readmitted to see a weary, unsmiling Djilas sentenced to three years of hard labor for having written articles "purposely to help certain hostile foreign elements [to] intervene in the internal affairs of Yugoslavia." Djilas' last words, before being led back to Sing Sing: "I am a Social Democrat who has nothing in common with Communism."

Back to Hungary. Also by way of proving the reliability of Yugoslavia's national Communism, (Tito last week 1) returned to Hungary ("of their own free will") 141 refugees who had crossed into Yugoslavia; 2) sent a message to Soviet President Kliment Voroshilov expressing hope for a stronger friendship and cooperation between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union.

GREAT BRITAIN

Bleak Return

From the Jamaica sun, Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden and his wife flew into a London evening lit fitfully by a pale moon amidst scudding rain clouds. Tanned and in almost obliviously good spirits, Eden read a prepared statement before banked



SIR ANTHONY EDEN
Unrepenting.

television cameras, as Lord Privy Seal R. A. Butler sat unsmiling and pale beside him.

"I am glad to be back amongst you all again," said Eden. "I went away to get fit, and now I am absolutely fit to resume my duties." He emphasized that he had been consulted and had approved all major Cabinet decisions, launched into a defense of his policies. "I am sure from my post-bag and otherwise that what we have done has been right. There is a growing understanding in Canada"—here he looked up into the cameras and raised his voice—"and also in the United States. I am sure this will go on increasing." Then he recited what might be called the second set of reasons for Britain's intervention in Egypt: it brought about the creation of a U.N. force, and exposed Russian intentions in the Middle East. Set No. 1—Britain intervened to separate the combatants and protect the canal—has not been popular for some time. Concluded Eden: "I am more convinced than I have been about anything in my political life

that what we have done is right . . . and history will prove it."

With that, Eden drove off to 10 Downing Street. Twice his car was stopped by long lines of cars blocking the roads around gasoline stations as motorists seized their last chance to fill their tanks before the imposition of rationing. At 10 Downing Street, a small crowd mustered a faint cheer and a scattering of boos. Waiting only to receive India's Prime Minister Nehru next day, Eden retired to Chequers, the Prime Minister's country home, for the weekend.

Eden faced greater trouble than his manner suggested. The drama of Suez, which had roused patriotic support for him, was over. Now Britain faced the bleak penalties of the blocked canal, which were making their dragging weight felt in every British home and factory. Three influential journals—the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Economist*—greeted his return by wondering, almost with one voice, whether Eden was up to his job. Wrote the *Daily Telegraph*, the most Tory of them all: "The strain will become greater, not less. If Sir Anthony can bear it, and give the leadership for which the country is crying out, well and good. If not, another must step into the breach."

EGYPT

Salvage Job

The nearer the British and French got to their final pullout from Suez, the more boldly the Egyptians displayed resentment of their presence in Port Said. A British lieutenant was kidnapped in broad daylight, a major seriously wounded when a bomb wrapped in a bread loaf was tossed into a crowded staff car. When 600 British troops ransacked the Arab quarter and rounded up 1,000 men and boys in a dead-or-alive hunt for the lieutenant and his kidnapers, Egyptians carried out a dozen or more grenade, small-arms and even rocket attacks on British and French night patrols. After Egyptian snipers killed one British patrol commander, Lieut. General Sir Hugh Stockwell carried out his threat to "meet force with force," sent a tank-supported battalion on another Arab-quarter roundup. The raid turned into a street battle in which, according to one U.N. officer, 27 Egyptians were killed.

As the British withdrew behind barricades to the piers where their transports lay waiting, units of the U.N. Emergency Force also came under fire for the first time. A jeepful of Norwegians and a Swedish patrol emerged unscathed from two street-corner ambushes. "Fire was returned," said next day's U.N. communiqué. Making his rounds in a new blue, gold-tipped uniform of his own design and a car bearing license UNEF-1, U.N. Emergency Force Commander E.L.M. Burns assured the Egyptians that he would pull his 1,600-man U.N. detachment out of Port Said as soon as the British and French left. Their assignment after that: chivying the Israelis out of Sinai.



"Sit Down Strike"
Unrelenting.

The big job in Egypt was to clear the canal. Arriving in Cairo with 19 other experts under U.N. auspices, Lieut. General Raymond A. Wheeler, U.S.A. (ret.) drew up plans to turn over the job to a consortium of three U.S., Danish and Dutch firms. When the British and French protested at exclusion of the 18-ship salvage fleet that was already at work raising wrecks at Port Said, General Wheeler cautiously suggested that six of Britain's salvage ships might be used—without their British crews. This was too much for First Lord of the Admiralty Viscount Hailsham who huffed that Wheeler "seems more concerned with placating Cairo than with carrying out U.N. wishes for speedy restoration of the canal."

But with the U.S. applying pressure for action, Nasser might well accept a compromise under which British salvage ships and their crews would serve in General Wheeler's forces. After all, Nasser, rather than having "gained strength" from the past month's events, has had a sizable part of his army and air force chewed up. The closing of the canal, and the consequent loss of revenue, hurts his badly strained economy.

ISRAEL

Massacre of the Innocents

Israel's guilty secret could no longer be kept.

On the eve of Israel's invasion of Egypt last October, alerts were out all along the frontier. In the narrow northern waist of Israel, a zealous police officer on the Jordan border imposed a 5 p.m. curfew on Kafr Kassim (pop. 2,000), an Arab village inside Israel. All the villagers who got the word complied. But those who worked in nearby Tel Aviv, or had walked across the fields for afternoon visits, knew nothing of the sudden order. As dusk fell, they strolled homeward—quarrymen with knapsacks slung over their shoulders, women in their long, embroidered Arab dresses carrying or leading their children. From behind a pile of rocks outside the village, border police fired, killing 48 men, women and children.

For fear of its impact abroad and among Israel's 190,000 other Arabs at the moment his troops were launching their attack on Egypt, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion suppressed the news of this modern Massacre of the Innocents. But he set up a private inquiry committee, and after its report, arrested the killers and compensated the victims' families (\$500 to \$2,500). Despite efforts to keep the secret, in tiny Israel the word spread, and shocked citizens pressed Ben-Gurion to make public the disgrace. Every political party sent petitions. Last week the old man finally gave in and told the Knesset (parliament) some details of how Arab villagers "coming home in all innocence" were shot down by border police.

Ashen pale, Ben-Gurion said: "I feel it my duty on behalf of the government, the police force and myself to express our profound concern that such an act has been possible here—an act which strikes

a blow at the most sacred foundations of human morality drawn from Israel's Torah.

"It is written, 'And if the stranger sojourn with you in your land, you shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be as one born among you and thou shalt love him as thyself.' And the Arabs of Israel are not strangers but citizens with fundamental equal rights. It is clear that no amount of money can possibly compensate for the loss of these lives."

After the Prime Minister had finished speaking, the Knesset stood in solemn expression of contrition.

ITALY

Reds on the Run

Italy's Communist Party, the largest outside the Iron Curtain, assembled in Rome's marbled Hall of Fascism last week to try to pick up the pieces. Gone were those reassuring symbols of unquestioned authority—the looming portraits



FURTESEVA & TOGLIATTI
For The Best, not so good.

of Stalin and his archangels. Gone, too, was the unshakable confidence of the rank and file in the pyrotechnic brilliance of Palmiro Togliatti, the man whom Italian Communists call *Il Migliore* (The Best).

Under the watchful eye of Soviet "Observer" Ekaterina Furtseva, the only woman member of Russia's ruling Presidium, stoop-shouldered Palmiro Togliatti played it safe, confined himself to abstract analyses of Marxist doctrine and repeated pledges of allegiance to the Kremlin. Only a few dissident notes were heard, most of them sounded by 41-year-old Antonio Giolitti, a grandson of Giovanni Giolitti, who was five times Premier of Italy under the Savoy monarchy. Said Antonio Giolitti: "In Poland and Hungary the party has been best defended not by those who keep silent, but by

those who openly admit the mistakes of the past . . . If the men who now lead are incapable of changing, we must change them, too."

But if Togliatti could subdue the party regulars inside the hall, a more resounding verdict was delivered outside. Workers of Turin's Michelin tire plant, voting as the eighth congress was about to adjourn, registered a drop in Communist strength (from 60% to 26% of the total vote), to throw the Red-dominated union out of control of its shop stewards' committee for the first time since World War II.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Death Sentence on Cholon

For generations Cholon, the rich, raucous city that exists side by side with Saigon, has been a state within a state. The home of half of South Viet Nam's 1,000,000 Chinese, and long administered by five semiautonomous Chinese "communities," Cholon was both the Wall Street and the Broadway of Viet Nam. At night its jampacked streets offered visitors a heady cocktail composed of neon lights, savory smells and cabaret music.

Last week Cholon's streets were strangely subdued. Its shops, which once stayed open till the small hours of the morning, now closed at sunset, and in the Pavilion of Jade cabaret the "little flowers" found few dancing partners among the once ebullient Chinese businessmen. Officially, Cholon (which means "big market") had even ceased to exist and was simply one more district of Saigon.

Cause of Cholon's unwonted somberness was a frontal assault by South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem on a problem common to all Southeast Asian nations: the threat posed by unassimilated colonies of overseas Chinese. In South Viet Nam, where they make up only one-tenth of the population, Chinese control nearly two-thirds of the economy. Though many come from families that have been in the country for centuries, almost none have taken out Vietnamese citizenship.

Last summer, worried by the possibility that Viet Nam's Chinese might one day shift their loyalty from Chiang to Mao—as Cambodia's Chinese colony apparently did recently—Diem swore that "Before I die, I will Vietnamize Cholon." He issued a series of decrees declaring all Viet Nam-born Chinese to be Vietnamese citizens and prohibiting foreigners, i.e., Chinese, from engaging in eleven vital trades, from rice milling to brokerage.

Encouraged by the Nationalist Chinese legation, Viet Nam's race-proud Chinese almost to a man ignored the naturalization order and launched a campaign of economic retaliation. Rice exports, one of South Viet Nam's chief sources of foreign exchange, dwindled to nothing, and to the dismay of Viet Nam's farmers, the domestic price of rice fell to its lowest level in years. Large-scale shipments of Chinese capital to Hong Kong sent the price of gold and black-market dollars soaring in Viet Nam. But stubborn Ngo Dinh Diem had no intention of backing down.

JAPAN

Toward the Rising Sun

It was time for Japan to get a new Prime Minister. Enfeebled Ichiro Hatoyama, 73, who had held the job since 1954, had agreed to step down once a peace treaty with Russia was signed and Japan was admitted to the U.N. These ambitions achieved, he could go—and whoever was chosen by his party, the ruling Liberal-Democrats, would become the country's Prime Minister. In symbolic anticipation of a decision about to be cast, the artificial trees in the lobby at Tokyo's Sankei Kaikan theater were festooned with large paper dice. The red curtain rose to reveal the elders of the party wearing white rosettes and seated onstage, with a huge rising sun as a backdrop.

Three candidates for the succession, all hale and hearty conservative but not a great deal younger than Hatoyama, presented themselves: Nobusuke Kishi, 60, the party's crafty, pushing secretary-general; Mitsujiro Ishii, 67, its astute planning chairman; and Tanzan Ishibashi, 72, oaken-faced Minister of International Trade and Industry. With no real dispute about policy between them, all vied in vowing to "clean up the party and restore ethics," and boasted of their health. Kishi pointed out that he was the youngest; Ishibashi crowed that "I can eat and drink anything," and that he sleeps well. Amidst reports of big bribes being offered for votes, Prime Minister Hatoyama hobbled, stiff-legged and leaning on an aide's shoulder, to the microphone, and asked for "a clean election."

Greying, thickest delegates in Western business suits, some wearing white gauze masks against the cold-catching season, tramped heavily across the stage to drop their white ballots under the full glare of spotlights and the eyes of Japan's 300,000 TV set owners.

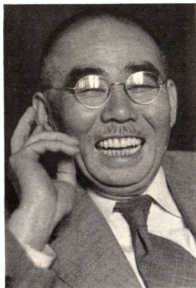
On the first ballot Kishi was way out front, and Ishii, finishing third, was automatically eliminated. On the second ballot Ishii threw his strength to Ishibashi, and it was enough to give Ishibashi a narrow victory over Kishi. 258-251.

Twice-Flunked Liberal. U.S. officials in Tokyo are inclined to regard Ishibashi as "anti-American," but then, all three conservative candidates, with an eye on Japan's postwar generation of new voters and its rising Socialist tide, have been talking up the need of a "readjustment" of U.S.-Japanese relations.

A self-taught economist who likes to be called "a liberal with a small 'l,'" Ishibashi is the Tokyo-born son of a Buddhist priest. He twice flunked exams for medical school, then turned to philosophy. He lost his first job as a cub reporter for skipping the facts on his first assignment—a double suicide—to write a learned discourse on self-destruction. For the next 30 years he wrote for, edited, and finally owned the influential *Oriental Economist*, preaching a *laissez faire* doctrine of economic expansion to Japan's warlords before and during World War II. Made Finance Minister in the postwar Yoshida Cabinet, he favored

letting prices soar to spur productivity, but ran head on into the U.S. Occupation's deflationary policies. Reversing an earlier clearance, MacArthur purged him from the Cabinet for having written an "imperialist" article in the *Oriental Economist*—a slight that Ishibashi has never forgiven. Ostensibly devoting all his time thereafter to his pet hobby of painting porcelain, he quietly joined with Hatoyama to topple Yoshida, and in 1954 became Trade Minister.

A burly, bushy-browed man who boasts of his ability to down vast quantities of sake without effect (most Japanese get tiddly after a few snorts), Ishibashi is, says one of his younger associates, "ideal as Japan's new leader, because he is the



Pan Asia—Black Star

TANZAN ISHIBASHI

Eat, drink, and be Prime Minister.

one person who opposed the Japanese militarists and was not cowed by the occupation." To put Japan's estimated 5,000,000 unemployed to work, he urges the floating of road-building bond issues. "People say inflation is written on my face," he says, then adds dogmatically: "I don't mean to brag, but my economic policy is the only salvation for Japan."

Heart-to-Heart Talk. After his victory last week, Ishibashi declared: "I intend to carry out my ideas—and if some people don't like them, that can't be helped. I intend to push trade with Red China and with Russia. Restoring diplomatic relations with China is not for me an immediate target. The most pressing problem is adjusting relations with the U.S. There must be greater equality between the two nations. To correct this, we must change the situation of entrusting Japan's defense completely to the U.S. I intend having heart-to-heart talks with America, starting with the defense issue."

In the U.N., and outside it, Japan will probably cooperate with and hope to dominate the Afro-Asian bloc, Japan's conservatives see Japan's sun rising again,

and want recognition as a leading Pacific nation, perhaps the "leader of non-Communist Asia." (Of India, one Japanese says disparagingly: "How much steel has Nehru got?") As an "ally, not satellite," of the U.S., Ishibashi's Japan will probably seek a bigger say in Okinawa's future, ask for increased U.S. backing for Japanese economic expansion in Southeast Asia, while also demanding freedom to trade with Red China.

BURMA

A Little Discourtesy

WELCOME GREAT CHINAMAN—PLEASE SPARE OUR TINY LAND!

With such double-edged greetings blazoned on placards, the people of Burma last week greeted Tourist Chou En-lai to their shores. It was a cruel come-uppance for the Red Chinese Premier, whose sweep through neutralist Asia during the past few weeks had been marked throughout by the smiling affability of a hungry cat in a fish store. India had smiled right back at him, as had Cambodia. On his previous tour to Burma a year ago, Chou had been greeted by well-organized but nonetheless enthusiastic crowds. But since the Red Chinese forays across Burma's border last summer and their expenditure of large sums in the last Burmese elections, the atmosphere has changed. Many knowing Burmese were forced to hide a snicker when they heard that Chou had filed an official complaint about discourtesies appearing in the Burmese press. Burmese Premier U Ba Swe, it was said, had himself suggested that a little pointed discourtesy might not be out of order. Even state dinners broke up early.

For the most part, Chou himself struggled valiantly to sustain his own air of modesty and hearty good-fellowship. "A newly established big country like China," he assured his hosts with a wide smile, "is apt to cause suspicions and fears among smaller countries. Therefore, China must make even stricter demands upon itself and fight against the tendency toward great nation chauvinism."*

Ostensibly Chou was in Rangoon to ratify the settlement of the Sino-Burmese border dispute, which he and former Burmese Premier U Nu worked out recently. This guaranteed that China would relinquish her claims to the Wa States in return for Burma's surrender of three Kachin villages annexed by Burma in the days of British rule. The Kachin villagers are ardently opposed to this plan.

At week's end the hottest rumor in Rangoon held that Chou was so anxious to make friends that he would even give up his claim to the villages. But the rumor was promptly scotched by at least one knowing agriculturist. "Red China will never give up a claim to that area," he prophesied. "It produces the best coffin wood in the world."

*A typically cumbersome Marxist phrase, "great nation chauvinism" is also used by Peking to reproach Moscow's heavy-handed conduct in Hungary and Poland.



"It's almost like wrapping up Christmas for 220 families"

"You could say they're just average, these 220 young families in the files of my insurance agency. They probably have about the same income, the same number of youngsters as you and I and the folks next door. The same family pleasures to enjoy. The same problems to think about."

"But there's something special about Christmas in their homes . . . something that gives all the things they do together a special glow."

"It's their feeling of security, of confidence. It's knowing for sure there will always be Christmas for them, come what may. And what makes me feel so good is that I've had a hand in making it possible."

"Yes, I've come to know them pretty well over the past few years. I've had the good fortune to share some of their happiest moments. And I've been on hand when they've needed me."

"Together, we've worked out the kind of protection they need for their way of life. It's what my company, The Travelers, calls American Family Independence."

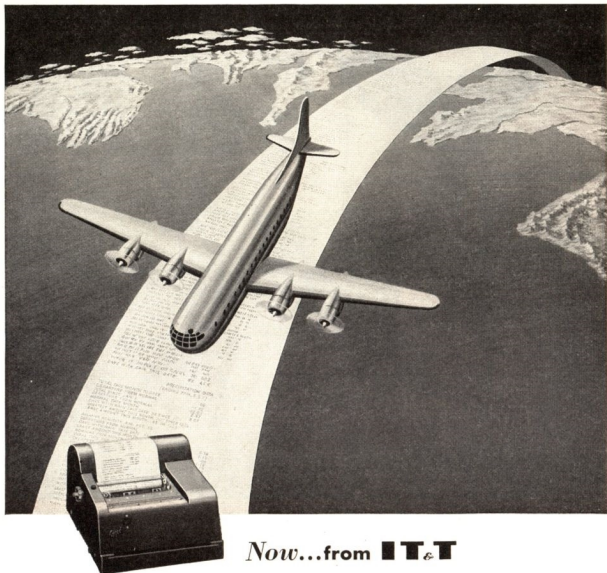
"Nothing helps you enjoy today more than not having to worry about tomorrow. That's why all these young folks feel extra happy tonight. And that's why I feel as if I've helped wrap up Christmas for 220 families this year."



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THE HEMISPHERE

HAITI

Au Revoir, Magloire

Over heavily guarded back streets, a burly, black-skinned military officer and his family sped one evening last week to Port-au-Prince's airport. Their baggage, a dozen or more steamer trunks of clothes, personal possessions and perhaps a few bundles of useful banknotes, was hastily loaded on a vintage Boeing 307 transport. The family climbed in, the old plane flapped off to Jamaica, and Paul Magloire was finished as the President of Haiti.

For most of his six-year term General Paul Eugène ("Bon Papa") Magloire was a popular chief, a stabilizing force and a builder (TIME, Feb. 22, 1954). He sternly denied any ambition to be a permanent President of Haiti, but as the end of his term neared, he resolved to impose a manageable puppet in elections set for next April. But Haitians spurned what amounted to another Magloire administration. Instead, they warmed up to Opposition Candidate Louis Déjoe, a well-to-do planter who promised a businesslike regime.

Passive Resistance. Frustrated and angry, Magloire decided a fortnight ago to take a stronger course. Seizing on a dispute over the date ending his term in office, he resigned as President—and promptly succeeded himself as Chief of Executive Power. He suspended the constitution, jailed Déjoe and 146 others.

Then began a striking demonstration of the power of the popular will. Some business and professional men formed a Front for the Defense of the Constitution. Their aim was to oust Magloire, their weapon was the general strike. With whispers and chain letters they spread the word.



MAGLOIRE (RIGHT) IN JAMAICA
Out on a tide of words.

By early last week Port-au-Prince's stores, gas stations, factories and big Iron Market, source of most of the city's food, were shut tight. In a scene reminiscent of *The Emperor Jones*, Magloire in full uniform paraded through town demanding that merchants open up. They either avoided their presidential visitor or refused his demands. Two days later, somewhat humbler, Magloire called in his constitutional successor, Supreme Court President Joseph Nemours Pierre-Louis, and turned over the office of chief executive.

The Army Turns. Magloire withdrew to the yellow brick Dessalines Barracks and made it clear that he would keep his army command. The strike went on another day. Then a group of army officers quietly told Magloire he must leave at once, and threatened to remove his guards. Magloire finally gave up. By the time he settled in Jamaica, grinning countrywomen were already striding down from the hills with food for the market.

Provisional President Pierre-Louis' first act was to free Candidate Déjoe and the other political prisoners. It had been a classic Haitian *coup de langue*, wherein the tongue proves mightier than the sword.

CANADA

New Tory Leader

The stage was set for the kind of political show that sobersided Canada seldom allows itself. Ottawa's Coliseum was decked out with flags, bunting and flashing red, green and yellow lights. More than 1,200 Progressive Conservative delegates converged on the capital from all over Canada to nominate a new leader at the party's first national convention since 1948. Even those who could not attend in person could watch from afar: for the first time, TV cameras were on hand to broadcast the proceedings and let all Canadians see the choosing of the man who will be their Prime Minister if the Tory Party wins the next general election.

Only one detail was amiss: the show's plot was obvious. From the start it was clear that John George Diefenbaker, 61, of Prince Albert, Sask. would be elected leader of Canada's major opposition party. Ever since George Drew resigned because of ill health, Diefenbaker had been the front runner to replace him (TIME, Oct. 1). Diefenbaker did not campaign for the job and refused to ask a single delegate to vote for him. But support piled up steadily and weeks before the convention opened, there was little doubt that Lawyer Diefenbaker would win on the first ballot.

Party Maverick. The predictions were dead right. Diefenbaker rolled up 777 votes on the first round. His closest rival, French-speaking Donald Fleming, 51, of Toronto, who attracted a heavy Quebec vote, polled 393; 40-year-old Davie Fulton of Vancouver had 117.

Clear-cut though his victory was, Die-



Dwight E. Dolan
WINNER DIEFENBAKER IN OTTAWA
In on a wave of silence.

fenbaker's rise to the Tory leadership was not easy. The conservative old guard of the party has always regarded him as something of a misfit in their ranks. Baptist Diefenbaker seemed unsociable; he neither drank nor smoked, and joined none of the Tory clubs. He was a maverick in Parliament, campaigning for a Canadian Bill of Rights similar to that in the U.S. Constitution, and calling for stiffer antitrust laws while the Tory Party stood for pure British tradition and unfettered free enterprise. Even Diefenbaker's Dutch-origin name did not have a Tory ring; the party never had a leader with a non-British surname.

But Diefenbaker's political skills could not be denied. In parliamentary debate, he was always a standout performer, respected by the Liberals and admired by the galleries for the deftness of his attacks on government policies. He was also a strong political campaigner—and a winning one. While the rest of the Tory Party suffered defeat upon defeat, Diefenbaker steadily increased his majorities in his own district.

Party Weakness. It will take all of Leader Diefenbaker's campaign brilliance to lead his party to a victory in Canada's next general election, expected next summer. The Tories, out of power since 1935, have lost five straight elections, and they have shown few signs of increasing their political appeal. The party's great weakness is in the key province of Quebec. Some of the Liberals' Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. That weakness has not been remedied by the election of John Diefenbaker, who speaks no French and failed to win any Quebec support at the Tory convention.

To make their party more palatable to



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Quebeckers, even if their new leader is not, the convention's Resolutions Committee hammered out a new platform for the next election. It contained the traditional Tory emphasis on strong ties to Britain and support of free enterprise, but it also stressed "the sovereignty of Canada as an independent nation" and came out strongly for increased pensions and unemployment benefits and national health insurance.

Whatever hope the Tories have of winning public support for their program rests squarely with John Diefenbaker. He is a battler who will not give up easily. Diefenbaker lost four elections before he won his first seat in Parliament, and he was beaten in two previous tries before he won the leadership of his party.

BOLIVIA

Toward a Free Economy

The country with the Western Hemisphere's worst addition to inflation last week took the pledge and swore off abruptly. Bolivia launched a determined attempt to force its currency, lately worth around 10,000 bolivianos to the dollar, back up toward its 1951 value of 200. The tools to be used: a drastic stripping-away of artificial economic controls, and a \$25 million stabilization loan.*

The boliviano's inflation is not yet a classic like the German mark after World War I, when prices multiplied 1.2 trillion times. But in recent months the boliviano has been clearly and dramatically on the skids. Since March the government has imported 55 tons of freshly printed currency. Newspaper vendors in La Paz sit surrounded by such mountains of bills that they look like tellers in a bank.

Black markets flourish. Hundreds of men wait for hours in long queues to buy cheap but scarce government-subsidized commodities that they resell at high prices, turning a profit greater than an average day's wage of a worker. Perhaps half of the relief food given Bolivia by the U.S. fetches up as barter for hard currencies in neighboring countries.

Revolution that Failed. Bolivia's inflation is the tragic result of a calculated-risk policy of deficit financing. The ruling Nationalist Revolutionary Movement (M.N.R.), seizing power in 1952, set off a historic, all-embracing economic and political revolution. M.N.R. nationalized the major industry, tin mining, confiscating the properties of the powerful tin barons. It revamped land tenure, giving indentured farm hands plots of their own—"like Lincoln's freeing the slaves," says President Hernán Siles Zuazo.

M.N.R. dreamed of tin profits for the government, high wages for the miners, self-sufficient agriculture, development of Bolivia's promising oil potential. Lacking capital, the government took a chance: it printed the money to pay the miners

who produced the tin that brought in the dollars needed for development. It calculated that greater farm production (lessening dependence on dollar-bought food) and greater exports of dollar-earners like oil might balance off trade before the boliviano went into a spin.

But through mismanagement, inexperience, selfishness and corruption, nearly all the plans went wrong. Many miners, freed from tin-baron discipline, now work at the shaft faces only three hours a day. A vast above-ground bureaucracy milks the treasury for wages. Worst of all, mine commissaries, begun years ago to provide miners with essentials at subsidized prices, have grown out of all proportion because miners buy commissary goods to resell in black markets. Commissary sales last year were double the entire miners' payroll, and the subsidies amounted to 77% of the cost of running the mines. On the land, the once-productive big estates became little more than the kitchen gardens of their new owners. Farm output fell off 40%. Oil exports have begun, but still amount only to a trickle.

House Cleaning. The stabilization loan announced last week came about after Bolivia, in despair, got the services of a U.S. consultant named George Jackson Eder, legal counsel for International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. and an old Latin American hand. The sum, equal at the present 10,000-to-\$1 boliviano rate to nearly double the value of the 140 billion bolivianos now in circulation, should be enough, if carefully fed into the dollar market, to roll the boliviano well back. The experts guess that the boliviano's realistic rate will turn out to be 7,000 or 8,000. But the fund cannot cure the causes of the inflation, and the loan was conditioned on an economic house cleaning. Bolivia agreed to:

- ① Stop printing new money, and boost taxes to make up the deficit.
- ② Freeze all hiring in the mines, and let the payroll drop back through attrition.
- ③ Free all currency transactions, abandoning the absurd official boliviano rate of 190 to the dollar.

④ Dump price controls and food subsidies, including those in the commissaries.

Rough Wrench. Changing over to a free economy will be a hard wrench for many Bolivians. Some miners will lose their jobs; almost all of them will pay more for food. Black-marketers and influence-peddlers by the thousands will have to go to work. Prices, for those who used to get subsidized commodities, will go up. Among the groups that will be hit, President Siles' popularity is bound to drop. Yet his great popularity is almost the only weapon Siles has to use in putting the reforms across; Bolivia's main armed force is not a government-directed regular army; it is the revolutionary militia set up by miners and other laborers.

Says Siles: "Inflation is a fire that is burning down our house. Stabilization will save us from the fire. But do not expect, amigos, to saunter out of the house wearing a new suit and smoking a cigarette. We will be lucky to get out at all."

* The International Monetary Fund contributed \$7,500,000, the U.S. Treasury \$7,500,000, and the U.S. International Cooperation Administration \$10,000,000.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Writing "In Praise of Dissent" in the New York *Times* Book Review, ex-Librarian of Congress **Archibald MacLeish**, now a Harvard professor of literature, tipped his mortarboard—with reservations—to Fascist-embracing Poet **Ezra Pound** and his eleven latest *Cantos*, composed in the Washington hospital where Pound has spent eleven years as a mental patient, adjudged unfit to be tried for treason in 1945. MacLeish freely admits: "Some of his dissents have been merely strident: his raging at Roosevelt throughout the *Cantos* sounds as though it had been composed by Fulton Lewis Jr., and his attacks on Churchill and Léon Blum are in the vocabulary of the Nazi radio." To Poet MacLeish, however, the redeeming grace of Poet Pound is: "Not the fact that these cantos came out of imprisonment and misery . . . but the fact that the poetry is hale and whole and speaks in a man's voice of a man's things."

The January issue of *Fisherman* magazine gaffed none other than **Harry S. Truman**. *Fisherman's* contention: though Truman was photographed, while President, in various Izaak Walton poses with grouper, bonitos, barracuda and king salmon, "there is no concrete evidence that he actually caught any of them." Said Harry, a weekend fisherman who likes to fish, as long as his companions are folks: "No comment."

At a country club near Miami Beach, under the approving eye of a local pro, Manhattan Lawyer **Thomas E. Dewey**,



GOLFER DEWEY
Fit.

United Press

54, wearing Bermuda shorts in balmy 80° weather, practiced some shots with his irons, thus gave golf another boost toward seeming the modern politician's favorite game. A muddling golfer keeping fit, Republican Dewey usually tours 18 holes in the high 80s.

Ill lay: normally spry (at 82) Massachusetts Politico **James M. Curley**, in Boston after breaking both shoulders in two falls within three days; luscious Cinematress **Elizabeth Taylor**, 24, in Manhattan after an emergency operation for a crushed spinal disk; Supreme Court Justice **Hugo L. Black**, 70, discharged after a brief visit to Bethesda Naval Hospital after recovering from a mild urinary tract infection; West Virginia's aged (82) Dem-



THE DUCHESS OF KENT
Fifty.

Keystone

ocratic Senator **Matthew Neely**, whose fifth term runs until 1961, bedding in a hospital near Washington (for an estimated three more months) with a cracked hip; peppery Tennistar (and 1950 U.S. singles champion) **Art Larsen**, 31, in Castro Valley, Calif., partially paralyzed and blind in one eye after a motor scooter accident last month. (Larsen's tennis colleagues announced last week that a Manhattan benefit tournament will be staged next month to help Larsen meet his \$100-a-day medical bills.) Meanwhile, another tennistar, World Champion Pro **Pancho Gonzales**, 28, visiting in Australia, took his ailing right hand to a Sydney doctor, learned that he has a small tumor requiring immediate surgery that may end his career.

Flippopping about the stage of the Paris Opéra, flabby Ballet Dancer **Serge** (the "Great Torso") **Lifar**, 51, in his lithe, bygone prime (*see cut*) the self-



Arnold Meckel

DANCER LIFAR (circa 1930)
Flabby.

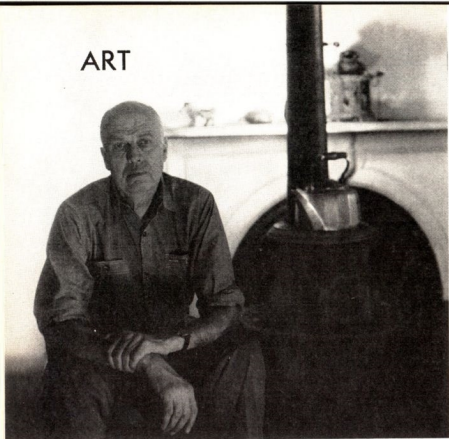
proclaimed successor to the great Nijinsky, was a parody of his younger self in his "farewell" performance in *Giselle*. A theater full of balletomanes paid tribute to Lifar more out of nostalgia than immediate appreciation. But retirement would come hard to Russian-born Serge Lifar. "If the occasion presents itself to dance *Afternoon of a Faun*," growled he, "I'll dance *Afternoon of a Faun*!"

Resplendent in grey chiffon and diamonds, H.R.H. Marina, **Duchess of Kent**, a handsome woman at 50, posed in Kensington Palace for a birthday portrait by Britain's most chic photographer, willowy Cecil Beaton. For the occasion, she bedecked herself with a spectacular array of decorations, including the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

Speaking in the Vatican palace to the Italian League Against Excessive Noise, **Pope Pius XII** pleased his listeners by roundly condemning needless decibels. Said His Holiness: "Silence is beneficial not only to sanity, nervous equilibrium and intellectual labor but also helps man to live a life that reaches to the depths and the heights . . . It definitely helps an effort toward an interior life, and it is in silence that God's mysterious voice is best heard."

Gossipist **Walter Winchell**, explaining away the deficiencies of his soon-unsponsored TV variety show (*TIME*, Dec. 3) in terms of his virtues as a "news commentator," announced his readiness to crush every last one of his many enemies: "All those columnists rapping me," he wrote in *TV Guide*, "where do you think they get their material? They go through my wastebasket . . . I want to get back at a lot of people. If I drop dead before I get to the Zs in the alphabet, you'll know how I hated to go."

ART



PAINTER HOPPER AT HOME ON WASHINGTON SQUARE
In an age of clattering egos, a tree growing on Main Street.

The Silent Witness

[See Cover]

At a roadside diner in California one day last week, a green and white 1954 three-hole Buick sedan came to a gentle halt and an elderly couple got out. They were tourists, just passing by. The birdlike little woman chattered warmly to the counterwoman as she ordered weak tea. Her husband, a tall, stooped, somber man in a sports jacket, remained aloof. His heavy, bald dome wrinkled uneasily; his face drooped; his mouth was firmly shut. He folded and unfolded his big hands, cracking a knuckle occasionally and gazing, with utter absorption, at the garish, commonplace surroundings. His blue-grey eyes shone steadily and intense as the crack of dawn.

The travelers were Edward Hopper, painter extraordinary, and his wife Jo. Painter Hopper was hard at his usual work: eyewitnessing America. The American scene is not only Edward Hopper's one subject, but his obsession as well. He stares with sober passion at the most ordinary things about the U.S., sights that esthetes turn away from and everyone else takes for granted.

Gas stations, hotel lobbies, rooming houses, side streets, Pullman compartments, lighted windows, underpasses—such are the meager materials Hopper chooses to make immutable and unforgettable on canvas. Their fascination for him lies in the fact they are man-made, and common-man-made. He finds them appropriate for the expression of human

striving in all its loneliness and disarray, as well as its hints and spasms of nobility.

In Hopper's quiet canvases, blemishes and blessings balance. He will paint an ugly front stoop and the warmth of sunlight on it, or a sooty curtain stirring with the fragrance of an unexpected breeze. He presents common denominators, taken from everyday experiences, in a formal, somehow final, way. The results can have astonishing poignancy, as if they were familiar scenes solemnly witnessed for the very last time. "To me," says Hopper, "the important thing is the sense of going on. You know how beautiful things are when you're traveling."

The Champion. As Hopper gazed silently and intently at California, a 20-picture exhibition of his work opened with a Hopper-like absence of fanfare at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Being staged in one of the nation's richest repositories of native art, the Boston show underlined Hopper's place in a great and continuing tradition.

In the years since World War II, Americans have awakened, as never before, to the world's art heritage, and have discovered the startling truth that a sizable and important part of that heritage exists in their own backyard. U.S. art, as Americans in general are beginning to realize, is neither a series of blurred engravings out of half-forgotten school histories nor a dim reflection of painting abroad. For the past two centuries it has stood on its own feet, comparing favorably with the art of every other nation except France. Drawing depth and drama from the history it helps

illustrate, it has reflected not European painting but American life—rough and smooth, tumultuous and diverse. And though it is a great river of many sources and many passing moods, its strongest single current throughout is a searching realism. One measure of Edward Hopper's importance: he is today the revered champion of that tradition.

Less recognized, but equally true, is the fact that Hopper, at 74, expresses the present moment of American life with all the vigor and attachment of youth. The tradition he practices has nothing to do with convention. It involves no set approach, and never stoops to slavish copying. Hopper seldom sketches on the spot; he has not painted an oil direct from nature in 15 years. What he shares with the other great realists in American painting history is a heartfelt regard for the here and now, together with an over-mastering desire to understand it intimately and express it clearly.

New Men & Fresh Eyes. In an age when equality under God is too often confused with sameness, and all races and places are presumed to be really alike underneath, Americans are apt to understate their own heritage. Not Hopper, who says flatly that "a nation's art is greatest when it most reflects the character of its people." A sampling of the best American painting can prove Hopper's point (see color pages).

The evidence shows, too, that realism in art can be the precise opposite of stodginess. True realism rises to the challenges of continual change, visible and invisible. It showed its strength in the guardians at the gates of American painting history. Copley and Benjamin West, who studied a new breed of men with fresh eyes. When West first saw the famed *Apollo Belvedere* in Rome, he cried out: "My God, how like a Mohawk warrior!" And as John Adams said in describing Copley's immortal gallery of founding fathers: "You can scarcely help discoursing with them, asking questions and receiving answers."

American realism reached another early peak in dashing, snuff-snuffing Gilbert Stuart. Once, when a customer complained that Stuart had failed to capture his wife's elusive beauty, the master snapped: "What damned business is this of a portrait painter? You bring him a potato and expect he will paint a peach!"

One truth that U.S. painting has proved time and again is that realism and romanticism need not be mutually exclusive. It was Washington Allston who first added a romantic dimension to the nation's art, early in the 19th century. His work breathes originality, but, as he himself remarked, "Every mind would appear original if every man had the power of projecting his own into the minds of others." Edward Hopper, who also has that power, puts it more concretely: "What lives in a painting is the personality of the painter."

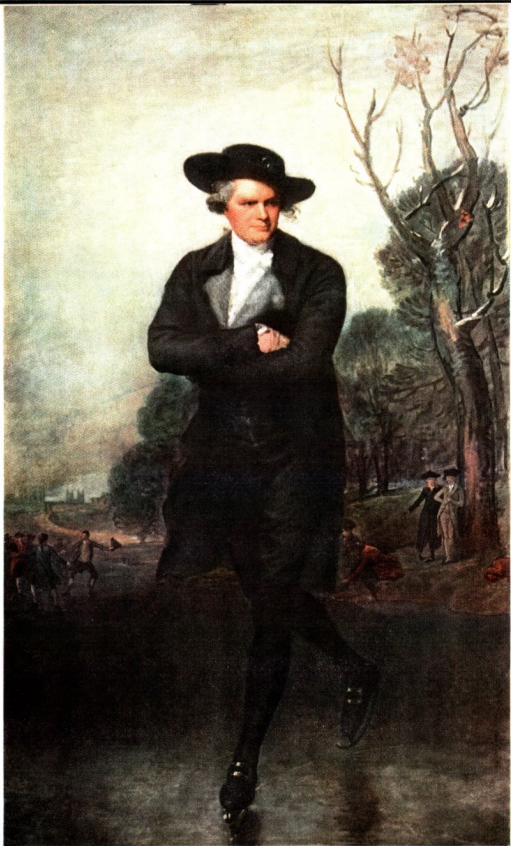
"I've Seen That!" With Thomas Cole's founding of the "Hudson River School," the emphasis in U.S. art shifted from people to nature. Cole's Arcadian views, seemingly observed through a dusty brass telescope, opened the way for a score of



BENJAMIN WEST

Guerrilla fighters both, Britain's Colonel Guy Johnson and his Indian friend Joseph Brant harried the American patriots, raiding their rural outposts in New York

and Pennsylvania during the Revolution. Expatriate Benjamin West portrayed the two in London about 1775, wrapping his sitters in appropriately ominous twilight.

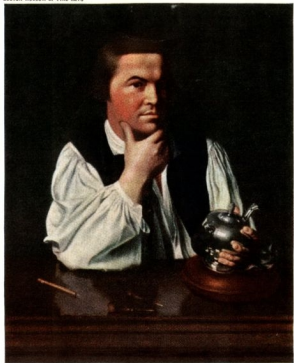


NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

GILBERT STUART

Painter Stuart was only 26 when he produced this masterpiece, worthy of Gainsborough at his best. First

shown in 1782, *The Skater* disproved the canard that he could not paint a body "below the fifth button."



JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

Some years before Paul Revere's historic ride, Copley painted the silversmith at his workbench. Copley broke precedent to show his sitter in a casual shirtsleeve pose, created a close harmony of linen, flesh and silver.

WILLIAM K. NELSON GALLERY OF ART & ATKINS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE

Before the turn of the 19th century, Peale painted two of his sons lifesize and framed the canvas in a false doorway with a projecting bottom step. Meant to fool the eye, his work also warms the heart.

RAPHAELLE PEALE

C. W. Peale's son, who dominates the canvas above, grew up to be the alcoholic husband of a boardinghouse keeper. But he was also a great master of still life, as this painting of a napkin, pinned across a picture of a nude bather, convincingly demonstrates.



PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

JOHN VANDERLYN

Ariadne, Vanderlyn's cool, solid, polished essay in sensuality, was the hit of Paris in 1812. Three years later he brought it home, where, despite the mythological title, it shocked his staid countrymen.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THOMAS COLE

A climax of "Hudson River School" painting, *The Oxbow* actually shows the Connecticut River. Painted in 1836, it brilliantly fulfilled Cole's life-long aspiration "to walk with nature as a poet."





WILLIAM HAYES FOGG ART MUSEUM

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

In the eyes of his contemporaries, Allston was the leading American painter for the first half of the 19th century. *Ship in a Squall*, done in chalk on canvas, tells why. No U.S. artist of any period ever had more mystery, or more technical control.

ASHER DURAND

Kindred Spirits was painted as a gift for the poet William Cullen Bryant in 1849, after Bryant gave the funeral oration for Painter Thomas Cole. The picture shows Cole and Bryant on a walk through the Catskills.



N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY



CHARLES RUSSELL

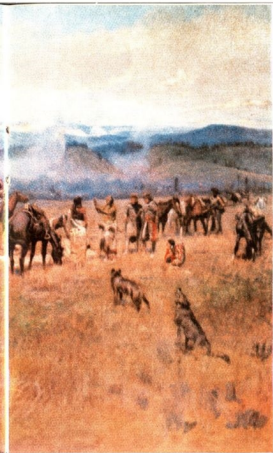
Cowboy Russell's action-crowded 26-ft. mural was installed in Montana's Statehouse in 1912, shows the historic first meeting between Lewis and Clark and the Flathead Indians.

THOMAS EAKINS

This picture of Eakins' friend Max Schmitt, sculling on the Schuylkill River in 1871, renders figures in space so magically that it stands with the world's greatest paintings.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





STATE CAPITOL, HELENA, MONT.



WETZEL/STEIN, WASHINGTON DC 2007

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

Toilers of the Sea, an evocation of the moonlit Atlantic, first shown in 1884, is a lyrical and mystical masterpiece, in contrast to Homer's picture below, which has the weight of perfect prose.

WINSLOW HOMER

Homer had sailed with New England fishing fleets and understood the work of harvesting deep waters. In *Eight Bells*, a classically calm, simple canvas, ship's officers shoot the sun to find their position after a gale.



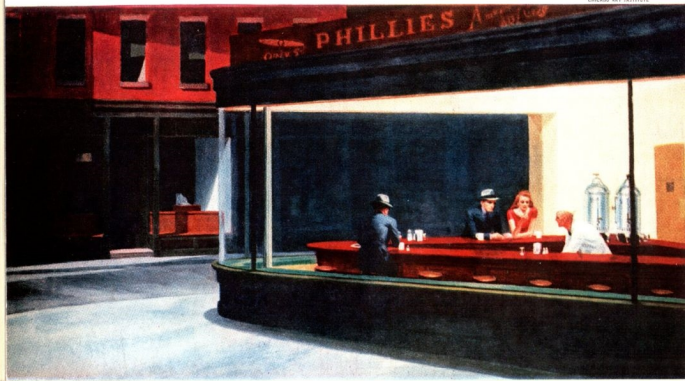
ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, PHILLIPS ACADEMY



EDWARD HOPPER

Sunlight on Brownstones (above) was painted this year. *Night Hawks* in 1942. Both show Hopper's genius for creating archetypes of the commonplace—austere, light-filled pictures that can sum up a thousand separate sights.

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE



great artists who wedded themselves to the infinitely various U.S. landscape. Then, in the supposedly materialistic era following the Civil War, three titans loomed on the horizon of U.S. art, as they still do today: Ryder, Homer and Eakins. Ryder saw life as something of a dream, Homer as a struggle, and Eakins as a solemn commitment. Each pictured it as he saw it, with complete integrity, so their works are as different as morning, noon and night. Yet each can make the viewer exclaim, "I've seen that!" Their strong recognition value bespeaks a reverence for reality common to all three.

Edward Hopper's works, being of the present, are the most immediately "recognizable" of all. Hopper feels closer to Eakins than to any of his other predecessors, though he considers that "Eakins had much more humanity than I do." It is true that the people in Hopper's canvases are less individualized than the buildings, as if the artist had wished to avoid intruding on their lives. Hopper's own unalterable reserve makes him as surprising, in an age of clattering egos, as a tree growing in the middle of Main Street. He is profoundly "inner-directed," or, as he puts it, "a self-seeker."

In Search of Self. Hopper's search for self has been long, arduous and undeviating. It began in the town of Nyack, N.Y., up the Hudson River from Manhattan. There he was a bookish, gawky, well-bred boy—the son of a scholarly and unbusinesslike merchant—who built his own sailboat at the age of twelve. Five years later he enrolled in Robert Henri's art school on Manhattan's 57th Street. Henri was the presiding genius of an American art movement sneeringly dubbed the "Ash Can School." Instead of the rapid, idealistic studio pictures then in favor, the Ash Can painters showed what they had seen on the streets, in bold style. Hopper found their approach to subject matter agreeable, though their dark, flamboyant technique was not for him. "The only real influence I've ever had," he says, "was myself."

At one point, he recalls, the pupils split into two camps, "The Simple Life Party" and "The Strenuous Life Party." Hopper belonged to the first. Rockwell Kent and George Bellows to the second. While Hopper strove soberly to find himself, Kent and Bellows were boisterously exhibiting themselves. They were headed for quick fame, he for painful obscurity—and the really simple life.

As all good students of art were expected to, Hopper went to Paris in 1906 for a year of study. But he bore little resemblance to the popular notion of an American art student in France. He kept to himself, sketching and painting along the Seine and in the parks. "I had heard of and knew about Gertrude Stein," he recalls, "but I wasn't important enough for her to know me. About the only important person I knew was Jo Davidson, and he was willing to look at me only because I knew the girl he was going to marry—met her on the boat going over."

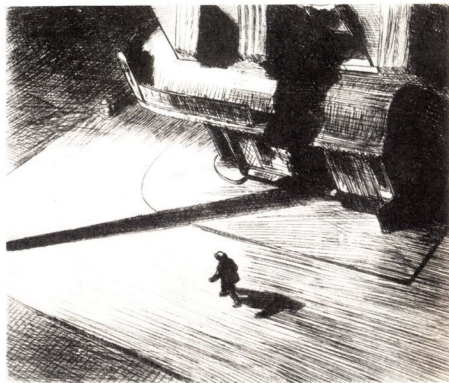
It was the light and not the life of

Paris that interested Student Hopper. "The light was different from anything I had known," he says. "The shadows were luminous—more reflected light. Even under the bridges there was a certain luminosity. Maybe it's because the clouds are lower, just over the rooftops. I've always been interested in light—more than most contemporary painters, and certainly more than the abstractionists."

Withdrawal & Return. History is full of men who withdrew to the desert to learn their true mission. Hopper did the same thing unconsciously and by necessity; he took up commercial art. The advertising and publishing houses that bought his drawings of storybook charac-

with public taste or with his own immaturity—he developed his style invisibly along with his character. At last he produced some etchings that had a wholly new quality, the quality of himself. There followed a hesitant shower of equally exciting watercolors, and finally more oils. In 1924 he had his first one-man show of new work, which sold out. He married a painter named Josephine Nivison (who had also studied with Henri), shook the dust of commercial illustrations from his heels and began, at 43, the career he was born for.

"Peekaboo!" "Recognition doesn't mean so much," says Hopper. "You never get it when you need it." But unlike some



"NIGHT SHADOWS" (ETCHING, 1921)
Expressions of human striving in loneliness and disarray.

ters "posturing and grimacing" were desert sands to him: "Sometimes I'd walk around the block a couple of times before I'd go in, wanting the job for money and at the same time hoping to hell I wouldn't get the lousy thing."

Hopper yearned simply to "paint sunlight on the side of a house." But his oils lacked the gusto then in fashion. They showed an almost obsessive fear of the flourish. No one wanted them. For a whole decade he practically ceased "painting them. His empty easel was wasteland, and within himself lay wilderness. His friends heard nothing from him; apparently he had gone under."

By the very fact of being so cut off from his mission, Edward Hopper was able to bring it into being. Protected from the slow ravages of compromise—either

flashier reputations, Hopper's held once he got it. He has been top-rated in American art for three decades now, has been heaped, rightly, with honors and awards.

The awards have not impressed him. He seems more concerned over the fact that some critics seldom mention him ("It's as if they were embarrassed, or something"). His only comment on the Whitney Museum's great retrospective of his work, staged in 1950, was that the gallery always seemed crowded with pregnant women. Says he, with the faintest, iciest glimmer of a twinkle: "I guess they considered me a safe man to deal with." In 1953 Rutgers gave him an honorary degree, which pleased him mainly because General Alfred M. Gruenther received one at the same time. Offered a gold medal by the National Institute of Arts and



"EARLY SUNDAY MORNING" (OIL, 1930)
"I wanted to paint sunlight on the side of a house."

Letters last year, Hopper fled to Mexico. He came back and accepted it only after being assured that he would not have to say anything except "Thanks."

At the ceremony Hopper got the word out all right, but no more. His silences must be heard to be appreciated. Author John Dos Passos, an old friend, recalls that often when they had tea together, he "felt that Hopper was on the verge of saying something, but he never did." Painter Louis Bouché once chatted for a long stretch to Hopper, without getting the least response, and finally blurted: "Oh hell, peckaboo!" Even Mrs. Hopper (who does the family's share of talking) confesses that "sometimes talking with Eddie is just like dropping a stone in a well, except that it doesn't thump when it hits bottom."

More than most artists, and far more than the generality of men, Hopper lives in his eyes. He handles words precisely, but they remain alien to him. He is untroubled by his own monumental reticence. "If you could say it in words," he shrugs, "there'd be no reason to paint."

Puritan into Purist. A painter friend of Hopper's, Guy Pène du Bois, pinpointed his genius way back in 1931: "Hopper denies none of the Anglo-Saxon attributes which are so strongly planted in his character. He has built an esthetic which expresses them directly. He has turned the Puritan in him into a purist, turned moral rigors into stylistic precisions." Du Bois' prophetic conclusion: "He will make many of the 'great' moderns seem like funny little reciters of fairy tales."

Art Historian James Thomas Flexner points out that Hopper is the one painter of his generation who is "in the air" today. Flexner dares hope aloud that "the old gentleman will be a bridge between today's abstractionism and realism, for sooner or later the pendulum's got to

swing back. Hopper's compositions are awfully good in the abstract, you know. Abstractionists respect him."

The young realists certainly do. In a forthcoming book (*Conversations with Artists*, by Selden Rodman) Painters Jack Levine and Andrew Wyeth give professional appraisals. Hopper "does what he sets out to do," Levine says admiringly. "No dreams of the old masters set him off his course . . . Hopper looks inland. He's an American painter all the way." Wyeth goes farther still: "What makes Rembrandt so very great is that his concern for other people and for nature always shows through, giving his paintings a dimension of identification and self-effacement that is almost unique in art. Titian doesn't have it, and certainly Rubens doesn't. Hopper has it."

Terrible Task. Hopper himself is habitually as disappointed in his own work as others are enthusiastic. His latest is a painting of a gas station on a four-lane highway. "I had the idea for it quite a while," he says. "But not so very long, I guess." (The reverse declarative is a Hopper hallmark.) "I didn't think much of it at the start. Still, if you're a painter you have to do something."

Everything in Hopper's existence is geared to painting, but he finds the task terribly hard. He can seldom face canvas. He always hopes that his frequent trips will result in new works, but has learned, to his pain, that they need not. Once he spent a whole summer in New Mexico, roaming that most scenic of states, and found material for just one watercolor; a locomotive. He once tried to paint the fine view over Washington Square from his Manhattan studio-home. "It must have been 15 or 20 years ago," he says. "I didn't finish it. Maybe I will some day."

Although his work has made him moderately prosperous in recent years (his oils bring about \$6,000 each), Hopper

and his wife live an astonishingly frugal life. Their Washington Square apartment is a fourth-floor walkup, 74 tiring steps above the street. It is heated by a pot-bellied stove, with coal hauled up in a dumb-waiter.

The place consists chiefly of two studios, his and hers. Josephine Hopper's studio is cheery and crowded with pictures; his is bright, bare, orderly and dominated by a 10-ft. high easel. Hopper built the easel himself, shortly after moving into the studio 43 long years ago. Perhaps twice a year he puts a canvas on it and paints steadily, averaging a month to finish a picture. The rest of the time it stands empty, while he broodingly tries to visualize his next work.

In summer the Hoppers occupy a little house alone on a high dune near Truro, Cape Cod. Hopper designed it himself, and it looks like a Hopper. The house makes no concessions to Cape Cod cuteness; it has no green shutters, no weathered shingles, only plain white clapboard, a solid, square-cut frame and a huge, clear picture window. Leading to it from the road is an almost impassably rutted track, a quarter of a mile long. Their neighbors debate whether the Hoppers have left their drive unpaved through unsociability or frugality.

"The Friendly Bean." The Hoppers go miles out of their way to get gas a fraction of a cent cheaper; they have never bought a new car. They eat out a great deal—at lunch counters. Yet they are open-handed with friends needing help, and on occasion they do spend folding money for themselves; e.g., Mrs. Hopper insists on her husband's wearing elegant sports clothes from Abercrombie & Fitch, though he complains that he doesn't "want to look like a damned hero." And when they bought their 1954 Buick, Hopper had the perfectly good green-tinted glass windshield and windows

replaced with clear glass, at a cost of \$160. The cost did not matter where his eyewitnessing was concerned; he wanted to look out at an untinted America.

In the painful weeks between painting, Hopper's self-enforced, involuntary leisure consists largely of reading, movies (he liked *Marty*), wandering the streets on foot, alone and lonely as a cloud, or touring the highways with his wife. Their entertaining is confined largely to an occasional tea with *baba au rhum*. But one recent visitor was asked to lunch, and given hamburgers cooked over the flames of the coal stove. "I suppose I should have used the gas range," Mrs. Hopper chirped, "but it just makes a lot of grease for Eddie to clean up." For a cookbook giving the favorite recipes of artists, she wrote that "one might say we like to have cans of the friendly bean on the shelf."

Hopper claims that he does most of the cooking himself. "I'm the typical American husband," he adds, and the rare pronouncement, intended to amuse, echoes like a thunderbolt from the enveloping fog bank of his silence. Actually, Hopper fires off a fair share of personal observations, only he spaces them days and weeks apart. Examples: "American women are pretty flat-chested, on the whole." "The Pacific Ocean is sort of misty, greyish." "Armenians have no backs to their heads." "I don't see why people are crazy to import French paintings when there are so many French paintings being made in America." "I like Emerson to read, I guess."

New World. One remark of Emerson's applies very well to Hopper's own paintings: "In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty." Hopper is clearly a genius of this kind; he paints not only what Amer-

icans have seen from the corners of their eyes, but also what they have dimly thought and felt about it.

"I look all the time," Hopper explains, "for something that suggests something to me. I think about it. Just to paint a representation or a design is not hard, but to express a thought in painting is. Thought is fluid. What you put on canvas is concrete, and it tends to direct the thought. The more you put on canvas, the more you lose control of the thought. I've never been able to paint what I set out to paint."

What Hopper has been able to do, he would never admit. He has opened a whole new chapter in American realism, painting a new world never before pictured. Where Copley created a world of men, Cole a world of nature, and Homer a world of struggle between the two, Hopper paints the raw, uneasy world that Americans have built on this land.

Slow Local. However dreary his subject matter, Hopper invariably bathes it in pure, liquid-seeming light. He is as reticent in applying paint to canvas as the abstract expressionists are bold, giving his pictures a single overall surface, as if they were seen through a picture window. By suppressing all details that would not be noticed in a passing glance, and arranging his compositions to suggest that the scene extends far beyond the frame, he puts his picture window in motion. Seeing a Hopper exhibition is like floating through people's backyards on a slow local, in a state of awed awareness.

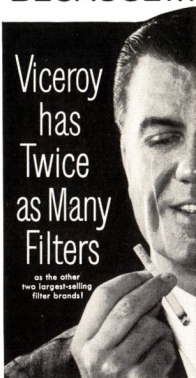
Slowly, slowly, the train glides, through states and decades, through dreams and reawakenings. The tall, stooped conductor keeps silent. He speaks of his native land on canvas, enriching a tradition that promises to achieve new greatness in the perspective of history.

BILL JOHNSON



THE HOPPER HOUSE ON CAPE COD
"I look all the time."

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MUSIC

War at the Opera

There was a young lady named Callas
Who never did play the old Palace
—but if she had, she could scarcely have put on a better vaudeville act than she and some of her colleagues did last week at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera. It began, more or less, during a matinee of *Lucia di Lammermoor* which was broadcast from coast to coast. Often Callas sang superbly, notably in the famous mad scene, but sometimes she sounded as shrill as static, and during her second-act duet with Baritone Enzo Sordello she dropped her highest note like a hot knife, while Baritone Sordello held his. What happened next could be the script for a third-rate opera buffa.

As Sordello tells it, Callas grabbed him



SOPRANO CALLAS
"Nasty man!"

and whispered loudly: "Don't hold that note!" He held on for dear life. In the intermission, Callas told him: "You will never sing with me again." Then she canceled her next performance of *Lucia*, to put pressure on Manager Rudolf Bing to fire Sordello—or so Sordello says. Her failure to appear in *Lucia* caused a near riot of disappointed ticket holders who had to be quieted by the cops. And two days later, Sordello got a registered letter from Manager Bing dismissing him from the Met. "Miss Callas," Sordello summed up, "wields tremendous power, and I've been a victim of it."

Callas agrees that Sordello did indeed hold the high note, and that during intermission she told him "it wasn't a nice thing to do." To which, said Diva Callas, he replied: "I am going to kill you—meaning vocally, of course." She did not even mention the matter to Manager Bing, and canceled her performance because of a

throat irritation. Harassed Manager Bing, firmly siding with Diva Callas, said Sordello had been fired solely because he had added extra embellishments and showy high notes to his part in *Lucia*, and, when reprimanded, had been "impertinent" to Conductor Fausto Cleva. The final Callas word on Sordello: "He's nothing but a bit player and a nasty man."

And after this fling
Who could blame Mr. Bing
If he shipped Madam Callas to Dallas?

Kidisks, 1956

"Records! Records!" yells the six-year-old with a gleeful face, dragging his mother toward the rack of colored envelopes in the supermarket. Mother escapes to the grocery department, leaving her son to make his choice. She is barely out of sight



BARITONE SORDELLO
"I am going to kill you!"

when the tot spots a picture of a locomotive on one of the jackets and shrieks. "Ma! Ma! I'm ready!" She returns and exasperatedly says: "You've already got a choo-choo record." Then she scans the rack, and a nostalgic smile crosses her face as she picks up *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The child sees his chance for a choo-choo record going glimmering, starts up a siren wail. For a minute, it looks like a stalemate. But the conclusion was never in real doubt. "All right, so we'll get both of them," sighs mother, and plunks down 50¢ for the pair.

This is what the trade calls "impulse buying," and it accounts for most of today's estimated \$15 million children's record business. The impulse is felt by all ages. Nobody among the junior low-fi set knows exactly what he will hear when he takes the disks home (buying has actually been cut down by a phonograph playing samples in the store), but the riotously

colorful jackets are enough to make sales soar. Packaging and merchandising are fancy and getting fancier—Cellophane windows, stereoscopic pictures with viewer, picture books with sound cues on accompanying records for turning pages. But the tunes that go into the grooves have shown no basic development since *Polly Put the Kettle On*.

Adulterated Scores. Most important label in the mass market (25¢ to 40¢) is Golden Records, a profitable subsidiary of giant book-publisher Simon & Schuster, which claims about half of the entire field. Other leaders: ABC-Paramount, Cricket, Peter Pan. The basic types of children's records—called "kidisks" by *Billboard*:

❑ Stories with music, usually a familiar fairy tale with its teeth pulled: e.g., the wolf doesn't eat Little Red Riding Hood; Snow White's stepmother sends her to the woods, but not to be executed.

❑ Pop songs with a "kiddie beat," i.e., reduced intensity, such as *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, or *Sixteen Tons*, its lyrics altered to explain that coal is mined so that houses can be heated.

❑ Educational or uplift records such as *The Alphabet Song*, *Counting Song* (Cricket), good-neighbor songs, meet-the-orchestra productions, and stories accompanied by adulterated symphonic scores, e.g., Ludwig Bemelmans' *Madeline* (RCA Victor).

❑ Special songs, which too often turn out to be inoffensive words set to poverty-stricken pop rhythms, or sugar-coated with a moral, as in *Apple on a Stick* (moral: share the goodies).

❑ Folk or folk-type songs such as the delightful *Songs to Grow On* (Folkways LP), written and sung by Folk Singer Woody Guthrie, or the appealing *Songs from "Music for Living"* (Columbia).

❑ Educational records such as Soundbooks' *Pueblo Indians* or *Songbirds of America*.

A special category belongs to Walt Disney, whose film cartoons are the source of record material for almost every company in the field. In addition, there are a few classics that turn up repeatedly, e.g., Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* and George Kleinsinger's *Tubby the Tuba*.

Mamma All the Time. Almost all children's music on records is subjected to a thoughtless attempt at simplification. Result: it is peeled down to musical "essentials," for example, simple chords that were commonplace in Mozart's day and obsolescent half a century ago. For youngsters, if not for today's grownups, a Bartok tune is as easy as the *A-B-C Song*, and chords, strangely enough, are confusing. It is quite possible that a decade of simple-minded children's records has conditioned today's teen-agers to their infatuation with equally simple-minded rock 'n' roll.

The men who produce children's records are hardly bothered by such considerations, frankly take their cues from a sense of "commercial value." Some principles of commercial value: 1) select highly rhythmic songs and avoid featuring stringed instruments, particularly for younger children; 2) use a man's voice—kids hear mamma all the time.



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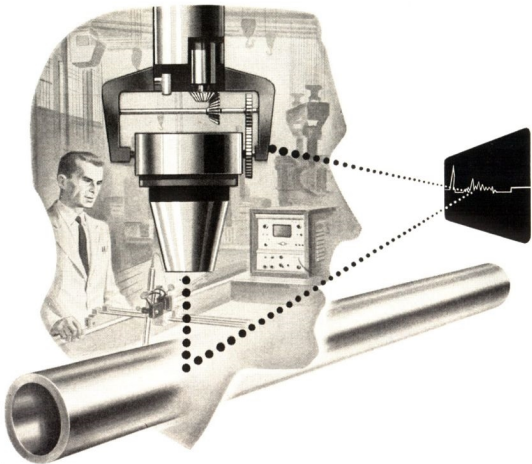
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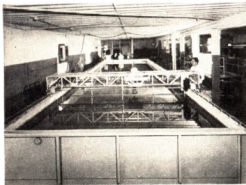
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TIME, DECEMBER 24, 1956

SPORT

"See Yourself & Groan"

The New York Giants were off and running toward their first National Football League championship in 18 years. Then they stumbled, lost to Washington and Cleveland. When they met the Philadelphia Eagles on the rain-soaked turf of Connie Mack Stadium last week, the Giants had their choice of winning the Eastern Division title for the first time since 1946 or slithering sloppily toward second place. The Giants chose to win.

Early in the second quarter, Halfback Frank Gifford took a pitchout from Quarterback Don Heinrich, sailed off around left end, stopped short and pitched a touchdown pass to End Kyle Rote. A few minutes later, Gifford faked the Eagle defense men out of their shoes and skipped across the goal line. That was all New York really needed, but the Giants scored again, ran out the game 21-7, and earned a crack at the Chicago Bears for the N.F.L. championship.

Scout, Squint, Study. Handsome Halfback Gifford was accustomed to such motion-picture heroics, being, in the first place, an occasional motion-picture bit-player and stunt man (*Saturday's Hero*, *The All-American*, etc.). He rehearsed for last week's game just as if for a movie. All week long Gifford and his teammates studied movies of the Eagles in action to learn their weaknesses and strengths.

Gifford, an All-America out of U.S.C. (1951), grew accustomed in his college days to the eye-straining practice of picking apart football movies. But the shots he studied then were far removed from pro productions. "Then we had 16 mm.," he remembers. "Half the time you weren't even in the picture. Now we have CinemaScope—and in slow motion. There's

no place to hide. You see yourself and groan. 'Now why did I cut there? Why didn't I move faster?'"

He was a shifty tailback for U.S.C., but when he reported to the pros, Gifford got a rude awakening. "They don't tap you," he says. "They jar the confidence right out of you, and you spend most of the first season picking up the pieces." While picking up, Frank decided that pro football is considerably more fun and infinitely more complicated than the college game.

Run, Run, Run. The pros are all experts at their jobs, and spend little time on fundamentals, practice on dozens of plays and work themselves into better condition than they ever knew in college. "When I was playing at U.S.C.," says Gifford, "a pass play might call for me to run ten yards downfield, then cut for the sideline. The pros are more subtle [if any 200-lb. giant moving at top speed is ever subtle]. Now I sprint until the defense man crosses his right foot over his left and turns his back on the sideline. Then I cut."

Such intricate demands, infinitely multiplied, have forced Gifford to improve constantly during five seasons with the Giants. "The most surprising thing about him," says Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell, "is that he's still improving." But he is already good enough to be the first pro this year to gain a total of more than 1,000 yds. running with the ball and receiving passes. He has gained an average of 5.2 yds. every time he has handled the ball this season. But Gifford figures that time is running out for him, and after two more years he will turn to the movies, television, sportswriting, real estate—any of the many careers he has already tried with impressive off-season success.

If You Can't Beat Him . . .

Even after age thickened his hips and time tired his quick hands, the New York Giants never seemed to know what to do about Jack Roosevelt Robinson. Their pitchers threw baseballs at his greying head and their bench jockeys winged epithets at his quick temper. Still his big bat, or darting base running, broke up ball games. The very sight of his pigeon-toed trot to position moved the fans on Coogan's Bluff to borrow from Yankee territory that ultimate complaint, the long Bronx cheer. Even when taking their lumps from every other team in the league, the Giants usually managed to play good ball against the Brooklyn Dodgers, but they never really beat Robby. So last week they did the next best thing: they bought him.

Only One Compromise. The Giants got a bargain. Almost 38, Jackie Robinson is far slower afield and less powerful at bat (.275) than in his heyday of six successive over-300 seasons. But for upwards of \$30,000, plus a journeyman left-handed pitcher, the sixth-place Giants bought one of baseball's alltime great figures, a pro



GIANT ROBINSON & SON
So it goes.

good enough to make his mark in the record books while carrying a black-man's special burden on his back.

Robby was ambitious, yet a little awed after he came off the athletic fields of U.C.L.A. (four letters), and prepped in Kansas City and Montreal before putting on a Brooklyn uniform to become at 28 big-league baseball's first Negro player. To prepare him, his mentor Branch Rickey called him into his office one day, cursed him, swung at him, then spat at him a particularly vile name. "What do you do now, Jackie?" Rickey asked. Robinson replied: "Mr. Rickey, I guess I turn the other cheek." For the next couple of years he played superlative baseball while snafiling his hot, competitive temper under the taunts and slurs of his opponents and even some of his teammates. It was the only compromise he ever made on the ball field. And once he had won his particular Gettysburg, he took the snaffle off to become one of the game's tartest-tongued, terriblest-tempered performers.

Much more interested in catering to his consuming urge to win than in winning friends, Robinson played anywhere he was told—first, second, third, outfield—and proved one of the sharpest spurs to six Dodgers pennants in ten years, as well as one of baseball's prime drawing cards. Said onetime Giant Manager Leo Durocher: "He can beat you in more ways than any player I know."

"Best I Can." It is a late inning in the game for Robinson, and the Giants can hardly expect him to do as much for them. But he has a lot of ball games still in him (the Giants hope he will play regular first base, to replace a drafted rookie) as well as one of the best clutch-hitting faculties in baseball and a healthy desire to keep his \$33,000-a-year salary coming in. "Naturally I'm disappointed to leave the Dodgers," said Robby last week, in quiet amendment to his onetime vow that he would never play for another team. "But now that it's done and I'm a member of a different team, I'll be out to beat the Dodgers as best I can."



N.Y. Daily News
GIANT GIFFORD TACKLED BY EAGLE BELL
So subtle.

THE PRESS

Crowell-Collier's Christmas

In Manhattan's Crowell-Collier Building one day last week, employees lingered at their desks long after their day's work was done. Above them, on the 18th floor, the company's board of directors was deciding the fate of the long-ailing fortnightly *Collier's* and the monthly *Woman's Home Companion*. As the hours wore on, some staffers broke out bottles to brace themselves for the expected shock. At 10:30 it came. Board Chairman and Editor in Chief Paul Smith announced that *Collier's* would fold with the Jan. 4 issue and the *Companion* with the January issue, both out this week.

Out of jobs immediately were 440 editorial, advertising and business-office staffers, plus 2,300 printing-plant employees, who would be fired this week. Said *Collier's* Writer Theodore White: "No severance pay, no contractual pensions, no benefits, nothing for anybody. Turned out cold almost on Christmas Eve." Employees—many of whom had worked for the company for more than 20 years—were told that management would review their proposals for severance pay this week. But many feared that the paychecks they had received only a few hours earlier would be their last. Up on a bulletin board went a black-lettered card: "We regret to inform you that there is no Santa Claus."

It would have taken a Santa with a bag of \$15 million to \$20 million to save Crowell-Collier's fast-failing magazines (1956 deficit: \$7,500,000). In the past ten years, as Crowell-Collier went from a profit of \$6,500,000 to heavy losses, managing editors had swept in and out of office like French Premiers. More than \$10 million in new capital had been pumped into the company since 1953.



EDITOR SMITH
No empire.

Walter Darrin

when aging Wonder Boy Paul Smith, now 48, came in from the money-losing San Francisco *Chronicle* as a \$40,000-a-year troubleshooter. Smith raised money and tried to make *Collier's* a "magazine in depth." Instead, it went deeper into debt. Transformed into a fortnightly in 1953, *Collier's* lost more than \$15 million, while editors and writers struggled to translate Smithology ("We want scope not scoop") into a working policy for the magazine. But *Collier's* never succeeded in developing a winning personality. In 1953, for the first time, the *Companion* also tripped into the red.

Empire Building. Only last summer the company sacrificed the *American Magazine* (TIME, July 9), strongest of the three, in hopes of beeing up its weak sisters. Largely as a result of dividing *American* subscriptions, *Collier's* circulation climbed 9% (to 4,165,000) while the *Companion* gained 5% (to 4,225,000). But advertisers were leary. *Collier's* ran only 1,008 ad pages in 1956 v. 1,718 in 1951; in the same period, *Companion* advertising dropped from 945 pages to 544. Their losses turned a record \$6,000,000 profit claimed by Crowell-Collier's book-publishing subsidiary (*Collier's Encyclopedia*, the *Harvard Classics*) into a \$2,500,000 deficit for the company this year.

Undismayed, Booster Smith announced plans for a communications empire that would include newspapers, a weekly news-magazine, a TV and radio chain, make Crowell-Collier "the biggest, richest and most influential publishing house in America." Last month, after announcing that Crowell-Collier was acquiring seven TV and radio stations, Smith was unable to raise the cash.

The decision to scuttle the magazines and salvage the book division was reached by a group of Manhattan and Chicago industrialists, who had put \$4,600,000 into the company last year. The group, headed by Financier J. Patrick Lannan, could have gained control of the company by converting its debentures into 600,000 shares of common stock, although actual control (400,000 shares) was in the hands of Manhattan's Publication Corp., whose subsidiary publishes *This Week* magazine. Last week Lannan's group and Publication Corp. got together to save what they could of Crowell-Collier.

Gibson Girls & Cowboys. Cowles Magazines, Inc. (*Look*) agreed to pay \$1,000,000 for the magazine title *Collier's* and for Crowell-Collier's Reader's Service, a subscription company that sold *Collier's* and other magazines. Cowles also lent Crowell-Collier \$1,000,000. In addition, Cowles agreed to assume responsibility for \$11 million worth of unexpired *Collier's* subscriptions, said that former *Collier's* readers will have the choice of taking *Look* or "any one of several other magazines" or, if they insisted, cash refunds. Hearst's *Good Housekeeping* and *McCall's* were dickering for *Companion* subscriptions; Curtis Publishing Co. (*Sat-*



FINANCIER LANNAN
No Santa.

Arthur Stegel

urday Evening Post, *Ladies' Home Journal*) was expected to enter the negotiations this week. Crowell-Collier also planned to sell its Springfield, Ohio printing plant (estimated worth: \$6,500,000).

For *Collier's*, which built its reputation as a fighting journal, it was a tame end. Founded by an immigrant Bible salesman named Peter Fenelon Collier in 1888 (original title: *Once A Week*), *Collier's* sent Correspondent Richard Harding Davis to cover the Russo-Japanese War at \$1,000 a week, uncovered phony medicines and phony politicians, fought for income taxes, woman suffrage and a host of other causes. It published Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, hired Charles Dana Gibson to draw Gibson girls (at \$1,000 a drawing) and Frederic Remington to paint cowboy scenes. In 1919 the magazine was sold to Crowell Publishing Co. (whose predecessor firm had bought *Companion* in 1885), turned from art and exposés to cartoons and light fiction. Circulation tumbled, recovered under able Editor William Ludlow Cheney (1925-43), started down again after World War II.

Helpful Hints. *Woman's Home Companion* was founded in Cleveland in 1873. One of the early service magazines, it was loaded with helpful hints and departments ranging from Mother's Corner to Flowers, Care and Culture. *Companion* also carried serials by such women writers as Edna Ferber and Willa Cather. In recent years the staid *Companion* had lost ground to such rivals as *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping* and *McCall's*.

All that was definitely left of Crowell-Collier was a record-club division, Los Angeles Radio Station KFWB, a leasehold on the Crowell-Collier Building (worth up to \$800,000), and P. F. Collier & Son Corp., the book-publishing subsidiary, which, said Lannan, a director of Manhattan publisher Henry Holt &

Co., "we fully intend to carry on indefinitely." Paul Smith remained as board chairman, president and editor in chief. But he was expected to leave as soon as he finished picking up the pieces.

Federated's End

At the height of the great 1919 steel strike, the U.S. press carried so little news of the dispute that 32 labor editors decided to start a cooperative, nonprofit news service solely to cover union activities. The agency: Federated Press. Since 1922 the F.P. has been run by Carl Haessler, a Detroit newsmen, publicist, e.g., with the Institute for Mortuary Research, and a self-styled "anti-capitalist" who was court-martialed for refusing to put on an Army uniform in World War I, later went to Alcatraz for leading a prison strike. Not long after its founding, F.P. began to toe the Socialist and later the Communist Party line, employed many Communist editors and correspondents.

F.P. barely survived the early Depression, but revived rapidly under the New Deal, when the C.I.O. started dozens of union papers. Despite its Red sympathies, F.P. boasted some 200 subscribers (including many anti-Communist publications) at its peak shortly after World War II. But the agency's biggest support came from labor journals. In 1949, when the C.I.O. started cleaning out Red unions, a non-Communist labor news service called the Labor Press Association siphoned away many union papers. Though L.P.A. folded in 1954, Haessler survived by servicing the two principal U.S. Communist dailies—Manhattan's *Daily Worker* and San Francisco's *People's World*—and a hard core of leftwing unions.

Last month, with fewer than 50 subscribers, Haessler, 68, decided to suspend operations "temporarily." Last week he announced in Detroit that Federated Press would not resume service.

Mocksmen of the Mirror

In Britain, where most foreigners find the humor as tepid as the beer, one of Fleet Street's most successful wits today is a waspish foreigner known as Vicky. As six-days-a-week political cartoonist for the Laborite *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,649,696), world's biggest daily, German-born Vicky (real name: Victor Weisz) has built the largest following of any British cartoonist since David Low at his wartime peak. While he has not as yet won Low's fame, most Fleet Streeters agree that Vicky is Britain's top cartoonist.

In his editorial comment on Britain's attack on Suez, Socialist Vicky was, as usual, Fleet Street's sharpest mocksmen—because he saw the British as they do not like to see themselves. To Vicky, 42, Sir Anthony Eden is a toothy, decrepit aristocrat, his Conservative colleagues a band of feckless manikins. Vicky's Eden in the last four months has ranged from a knobby-kneed Adam, who is persuaded to bite into the forbidden fruit by a seductive French Eve, to a desert-island castaway brooding over a phonograph full of ancient hits, e.g., *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, *Bewitched*, *Bothered and Bewildered*. Last week Vicky derided Tory Leader R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan and Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd as Eton-collared brats whose destructive antics are interrupted by an Ike-faced Santa Claus loaded with oil and dollar aid.

Charles Addams Khrushchev. Vicky is also a longtime critic of the Eisenhower Administration, whose foreign policy he considers "dangerous and wrong." But in the Suez crisis, he sided with the U.S.; since the satellite uprisings, Vicky has bitterly lampooned Russian policy. Says Vicky, who also cartoons for the anti-U.S. weekly *New Statesman and Nation*: "I am in the funny position of having

been called anti-American and of now being called a new-found friend of America."

Vicky's ideas, unlike those of many cartoonists, are all his own. On the theory that "a cartoonist has to be passionately interested in politics," he pays frequent visits to the House of Commons to stalk his prey, make sure that his characters look like their caricatures. In 1949, after meeting Harry Truman for the first time in Washington, Vicky blurted: "I congratulate you." When Truman asked, "What for?" Vicky explained: "For looking more like my caricatures than I thought you did." In Vicky's gallery, Khrushchev looks like a Charles Addams rendering of a prizefighter; Lord Beaverbrook, empire-building publisher of the *Mirror's* opposition *Daily Express*, is a big-mouthed dwarf in crusader's armor; Churchill is a cigar-waving Dickensian comic.

Triumph on Turtleback. Vicky, a refugee from Nazism, landed in Britain 21 years ago. He spoke no English, faced an even more formidable obstacle for a cartoonist: he was baffled by British humor. By reading and rereading *Alice in Wonderland*, he rode (as one colleague says) to "his conquest of Fleet Street on the back of the Mock Turtle." In 1941, Alice-sized (5 ft. 3 in., 120 lbs.) Vicky landed his first successful newspaper job with London's *Nexus Chronicle*. After twelve years he quit because an editor refused to run one of his cartoons. Says Vicky: "I have never pandered."

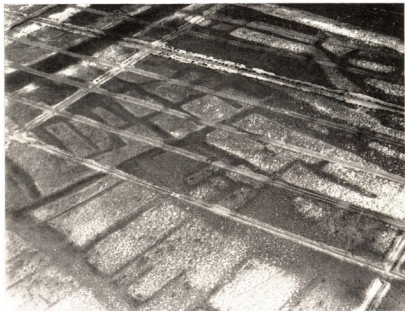
While Vicky is at his funniest when he is lancing overstuffed politicians, some of his most memorable cartoons are as bitter as his memories of Nazi persecution. Under a moving sketch of hollow-eyed Hungarian children and sorrowing old women, Vicky (whose parents were Hungarians) last month used as his punch line a quote from Soviet-controlled Radio Budapest: "Fascist and reactionary elements have been crushed."



"THERE, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS! AND YOU STILL SAY THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS?"



"FASCIST AND REACTIONARY ELEMENTS HAVE BEEN CRUSHED" —Soviet-controlled Budapest Radio



CANALS & CITY BLOCKS OF SPINA FROM LOW ALTITUDE
At 4,000 feet, a view of 2,000 years.

Vitale Valvassori

The Discovery of Spina

Spina, the half-mythical Etruscan "Venice" on the swampy Po delta, was one of the world's great cities in the 5th century B.C. Ancient writings tell tales of its wealth and luxury, but over the centuries the silt of the Po has been pushing the shore line into the Adriatic. Cut off from the sea, Spina declined in late Roman times to a village; then it disappeared. Cemeteries believed to be connected with it were found and recently excavated by both thieves and archaeologists (*TIME*, Nov. 8, 1954), but the remains of the city itself lay obstinately hidden under the flats and shallow lagoons of the advancing delta. Some skeptics maintained that Spina has always been only a myth, rather than a real city.

One expert who never lost faith in Spina was Dr. Nereo Alfieri, director of the Museo di Spina in Ferrara. Dr. Alfieri had won a great reputation by finding ruins known only by legend. (Once he found a Roman temple by asking shepherds the way to a "shrine.") He was sure that sometime, somehow, he would find Spina. Last week he could report results.

For eight years he winnowed cryptic manuscripts, dug test holes in promising bits of marsh. He did not find Spina, but he did not give up hope; a government reclamation project was slowly draining the lagoons that covered its presumed site. When the water receded, the exposed flats showed nothing of interest, but Dr. Alfieri, an old hand at archaeological detective work, waited for nature to add the final, necessary touch.

Telltale Greens. The Valle Pega, the most promising lagoon, was drained two years ago, but for a year it remained as

barren as a beach at low tide. This spring the mud turned faintly green with plants. The plants indicated nothing until the reclamation agency had the area photographed from the air. Dr. Alfieri hurried to Ravenna to look at the pictures, which were taken at 12,000 ft. by Italian air force Veteran Vitale Valvassori. Some of the shots showed faint markings that Alfieri's experienced eye spotted at once. He hired Valvassori, partly with his own money, to take detailed, low-level pictures in both black-and-white and color.

When the new pictures were developed, they showed a broad, L-shaped canal 60 ft. wide and equivalent to the famous Grand Canal that is the main street of Venice. Closer study showed other canals and scores of rectangular blocks for houses and public buildings. The built-upon site covered 850 acres, the plants growing darkly green over silted canals and yellowish green over unenriched brick and rubble.

Keys to the Past. Cautious digging last fall in the soggy soil uncovered ancient wooden piles like those on which Venice is built. Among them were fragments of pottery that could have come only from the 5th century B.C. "All my doubts dissolved," said Dr. Alfieri. Other experts agreed, and last week Italian and foreign archaeologists were swarming to his diggings to see for themselves.

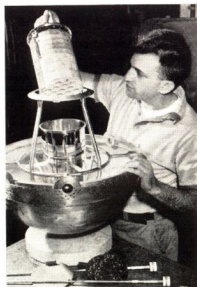
The Spina site will produce no stately, columned temples. All that remains is the foundations of the city, but when they are excavated carefully, they may yield information more interesting than any number of temples. The brilliant Etruscan culture, which flourished before the great days of Rome, is a deep mystery. Etruscan tombs are stuffed with striking art

works, but Etruscan remains other than tombs are scarce. Out of Spina, covered for 2,000 years with preserving mud, may come knowledge of Etruscan buildings, government, religion and social structure. Historians may learn where the Etruscans came from; they may even find a key to their written language, which turned into a puzzle 2,000 years ago.

Sphere & Shadow

The latest model of the satellite that the U.S. hopes to shoot into space during 1958 was shown last week by the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington. It looked like the last word in gadgetry (see cut). The 20-in. magnesium sphere surrounds a canister of instruments, batteries and components of the small radio transmitter that will send information back to earth. When ready for space, the magnesium will be plated, first with gold, then with aluminum, then with a final thin layer of a silicon compound. Small amounts of gold will be used as solder to stick the magnesium and aluminum together.

When the satellite finally reaches space it may be followed on its orbit by a frail, light, short-lived companion. Developed by William J. O'Sullivan Jr. (following a long-discussed idea), the inflated sub-satellite is a balloon of Mylar plastic .0025 in. thick covered with an aluminum film .0006 in. thick. When released from the third-stage rocket, it will weigh 10½ oz. complete and look like a wad of aluminum foil. A small capsule of compressed dry nitrogen will expand the plastic to a sphere 20 in. in diameter, which will follow at first the same orbit as the hard-shelled satellite. Gradually the two will separate. The sub-satellite will have more drag per unit of weight, and so will slow down more quickly. The speed with which it falls behind will tell watchers on the earth below the density of the air that it is passing through.



MODEL SATELLITE

In gold and silicon, a wealth of data.

EDUCATION

Is Your School a Clambake?

"It took Tod one and two-thirds minutes to cut out a paper cat. At that rate, how many could he cut out in half an hour? HELPER: First think 'One half hour equals how many minutes.'"

"A stack of pamphlets is in three piles. The first pile contains one-sixth of them, the second pile several fifths of them, and the third pile contains six. What is the total number of pamphlets?"

To Harold L. Clapp, 47, professor of Romance languages at Iowa's Grinnell College, these two math problems illustrate a disagreeable point. Both come from texts used in the sixth grade. But the first is from an American book, the second from a Swiss. Clapp's point: through their "stranglehold on education," U.S. educational theorists have so diluted the academic content of the public school that it now lags far behind those in Europe.

In speeches and articles, Clapp has been doing his best to remedy the situation. But at the same time, so have such like-minded critics as Historian Arthur Bestor (*Educational Wastelands*), Botanist Harry J. Fuller of the University of Illinois, and free-lance Writer Mortimer Smith (*And Madly Teach*). Last summer the various critics announced that they had at last got together to form the Council for Basic Education.

Though public-school men have already begun to denounce it as overly doctrinaire and often unjust in its criticisms, the council hopes to become a major clearing house of information for parents and teachers who are worried about present standards. Its monthly *Bulletin* (present circulation: 2,000) spotlights various school programs of high academic quality, reviews pertinent articles and books. In the current *Bulletin*, the council attacks various classroom distractions which, it claims, are justified by educationists "in the name of 'educating the whole child,' or of the Dewey-eyed notion that instead of preparing a child for society, a school should be a miniature, make-believe reflection of society." Among the questions it urges parents to ask themselves:

¶ "Are club meetings, play rehearsals, band rehearsals, 'pep' meetings, and other extracurricular activities scheduled during regular class periods or outside of hours?"

¶ "Are classrooms equipped with TV sets so the whole class may watch the World Series? Don't laugh. This happens on specified grounds that the series is a part of the world we live in. So, it could be argued, are nightclubs, canasta, and . . . The question is: Are such blessings as TV used to educate or distract?"

¶ "What about 'field trips'?" Are all the grade-school junkies to the bakery and print shop essential to the training of your child's mind? When a peripatetic 'social studies' class goes gaily off to the county jail for a half-day at a time, what effect

does it have on other classes and class-work?"

¶ "We have said nothing about such miscellaneous diversions as safety campaigns, fire-prevention week (when youngsters ride the fire wagon instead of learning to read), or that favorite exorcism on school programs (and budgets): driver training . . . We allow ourself one more question . . . If your school resembles a clambake or decathlon, if it seems more likely to bewilder and daze than to sharpen, furnish, and organize young minds, whose, ultimately, is the fault?"



Associated Press
STUDENT FALK & BRIDE
Thirty Gs and a D.

Extracurricular Tycoon

Had he been of a different temperament when he entered the University of Wisconsin in 1953, David Falk of Hampton, Va. might have been satisfied to stretch the \$5,000 his father had given him to cover his next four years. But instead of making a budget, Falk decided to indulge in a bit of extracurricular tycoonery.

He spent his nest egg as down payment on a rooming house, which he remodeled in his spare time and soon had filled with students. With the profit he made, he bought 47 acres of land, cut them up into three plots, sold them individually. Having made more money on the first two lots than he paid for the entire 47 acres, he bought himself another thriving rooming house. Finally he traded his first house for a third, making a profit on the deal.

By last week, as he neared the end of his studies for a degree in dairy husbandry, Falk, now 21, figured he would have about \$30,000 to buy a farm for himself and his bride, Coed Arlene Plotkin of Milwaukee. The only sour note in his academic career: the near-failing D he received in a course on real estate.

Public Education, 1956

The National Education Association gave out its annual statistics on the growth and needs of the nation's public-school system. With 1,197,000 more pupils than last year, the U.S. now has a shortage of 180,000 teachers and 120,000 classrooms. There are 840,000 students getting only part-time schooling and 80,000 teachers without standard certificates. The most depressing figure of all: partly because of low salaries, 97,000 teachers will drop out of the profession this year.

Ford's Gift

In a speech this month at the University of Pennsylvania, Henry Ford II noted the rising concern of big business over the shortage of classrooms and laboratories on the nation's campuses, then dropped a big hint. "We at the Ford Motor Company," said he, "have been looking hard at the problem for some time, and we hope to be able in the near future to come forth with some direct kind of action to help meet it head-on." Ford proved as good as his word. This week, the Ford Motor Co. and the Ford Motor Company Fund* offered the University of Michigan enough money (\$6,500,000) and enough land (210 acres, valued at more than \$3,000,000) to start a cooperative college in Dearborn.

Planned for 2,700 students, the Dearborn center will give regular liberal-arts courses as well as work in engineering and business administration. But students will divide their time between academic work and jobs in industry. Michigan's first experiment in cooperative education, the center also represents the largest single gift ever made by a corporation to a college or university.

The Hell with Spelling

In the course of a congressional hearing on U.S. economic policy, a witness casually mentioned the importance of education to the future of the nation. That was enough for Vermont's plain-spoken Republican Senator Ralph Flanders, 76, who proceeded to sound off on what has obviously become one of his favorite topics.

"Our education system," said he, "is a shambles. I have, for instance, four grandchildren in high school . . . Three of them are writing rather good theses and essays but are not corrected in spelling. They communicate; that's all that is necessary. The hell with spelling."

"Furthermore, the leading citizens of the town in which I live, Springfield, Vermont, were hypnotized into signing a statement of educational policies which includes this: that examinations shall be student-based and not subject-based. In other words, it is of no great importance whether a child really understands the mathematics so long as he is working hard at it. If so, he gets a good grade. But as to whether he has achieved a satisfactory degree of proficiency is not of any particular interest to the school."

* Entirely separate from the Ford Foundation.

® Answer: 180.

TELEVISION & RADIO

Birthday

Thirty years ago, over cornucopia-shaped Radiolas, Americans in 25 cities heard the first peep out of the National Broadcasting Co., created by RCA's David Sarnoff to sell more of what he first envisioned as a "radio music box." Last week, with a \$350,000 birthday party in Miami, NBC proudly surveyed what Sarnoff had wrought. It had grown into a giant with 207 TV and 188 radio affiliates, yearly net revenue of \$159 million, 5,500 employees and 35 vice presidents,* and the cachet of being sued by the U.S. as a monopoly.

telecast of a World Series (1951). Last week, as part of the four-day birthday convention at the color-blinding new Americana Hotel, NBC presented TV shows by Perry Como, Dave Garroway and Steve Allen, with such guests as Gina, Groucho, Debbie and Eddie and the NBC staff chimpanzee, J. Fred Muggs.

To celebrate it all, NBC kept Cadillac motorcades flowing between the airport and the Americana until they filled its 475 rooms with some 700 guests, including so many celebrities that oglers hardly had eyes for the lobby's live orchids, alligators and waterfalls. By the time Robert Sarnoff



NBC's ROBERT SARNOFF, PERRY COMO & FRIENDS
Thirty-five vice presidents and a staff chimpanzee.

Tommy Weber

And there are now two Sarnoffs: Founder David and his son Robert, who was eight when the first radio network was born. Son Bobby played host in Miami last week as president of NBC.

Dinosaur's Ear. The first network broadcast was delivered through a microphone that looked like a dinosaur's hearing aid, but the talent added up to a four-hour 1926 spectacular: Dr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony, Weber and Fields, the Met's Titta Ruffo, and the dance bands of Ben Bernie, George Olsen and Vincent Lopez. In the following years, while the unseen U.S. audience grew from 5 million radio sets to 127 million radios and 38 million TV sets, NBC kept the air buzzing with such big names and pioneering feats as the Clicquot Club Eskimos, Amos 'n' Andy, Graham MacNamee and the first short-wave relay from England (1929), Milton Berle, Howdy Doody, Arturo Toscanini, and the first coast-to-coast

got to the main business, his convention speech, the clock ticked toward midnight. Gina was distractingly cuddling with her husband at one of the main tables, and a spectator was heard to grumble, "Here comes the late late speech."

World in Color. But the NBC president had serious matters to discuss. He announced that next year NBC will produce, three times a week for 26 weeks, instructional programs in mathematics, the humanities and government, and feed them live—and free—to the nation's 22 educational TV stations. The programs will be kinescoped for repeat telecasts or classroom use. In producing them (cost: \$300,000), NBC will work with leading educators and the Educational Television and Radio Center at Ann Arbor, Mich.

More pertinent to the future was the problem of color TV. NBC was now staking its future, and a combined RCA-NBC investment of possibly as much as \$75 million, on the belief that the U.S. public will switch to color television. To 500 station owners and executives affiliated with NBC and thus involved—not all of them happily—in its color plunge, Sarnoff

insisted that black-and-white TV is slackening off and color is "the booster charge for our fourth decade." With the kind of optimism that helped his immigrant father become one of the great U.S. success stories, Bobby Sarnoff professed to see a pleasant sight. "At our 60th anniversary convention," he said, "I expect to be talking about television signals which span the globe. My subject then will be: The World—in Color."

A Word from the Sponsor

Listeners' complaints about radio's rash of commercial spots are no longer news, but last week the squirm turned and the howl came from a longtime sponsor. Writing "as an advertiser who has been spending over \$1,000,000 annually in radio" to plug his pain-relief tablets, Dolcin Corp.'s Board Chairman Victor van der Linde reported to MBS that he had cut his appropriation for radio spots to a piddling \$100,000. Reason: the "sheer multiplicity" of plugs, including many for competing products within a few minutes of each other, proves that stations are suffering from "a diarrhea of orders" and "haven't got enough sense to keep up the entertainment values."

On Thanksgiving Day, van der Linde complained, MBS's Manhattan station WOR managed to cram 26 commercials into 65 minutes—one every 2½ minutes. In a single hour on WOR, listeners were being told they must get Mericin, Sustamin 2-12, Mentholatum, Myopone, Anacin and Infrakub—all, like van der Linde's own Dolcin, supposed to relieve pain.

Kudos & Cholors

Festival of Music, telecast in color on NBC's 90-minute *Producer's Showcase*, created enough pleasure last week to pose a question: Why doesn't it happen more often? For roughly \$200,000, the price of four half-hour variety shows, Impresario Sol Hurok put some of music's brightest stars into dazzling constellation. The camera let the viewer hover over the fingers of Guitarist Andrés Segovia and Pianist Artur Schnabel, linger in closeup on the intense face of Marian Anderson, share the lilt of Verdi's *La Traviata* with Victoria de los Angeles, stand amid the powerful climax of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, superbly acted and sung by Bulgaria's Boris Christoff. *Festival* showed, far more eloquently than in its first edition ten months ago, that TV can add to music a certain intimate magic, and even some musical values not available in concert halls. There are probably millions of viewers who find the wait between such shows too long, and would be grateful for an occasional festival or semi-festival sprinkled through the year.

There was once a Chicago city editor who assembled his reporters and decreed: "What this newspaper needs is some new clichés." The same man, or someone just like him, is now roving through television as vice president in charge of promoting annual, trumped-up presentations of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. For the first of this season's versions, tele-

* Only one fewer than the U.S. has had in its history, and so bewildering an array as to prompt the old company joke: when an NBC executive goes to lunch, he tells his secretary: "If my boss calls, please get his name."



By Friedman

BASSO BORIS CHRISTOFF

Ninety minutes of intimate magic.

vised last week, the VP persuaded CBS and Chrysler's *Shower of Stars* to turn the durable old holiday cliché into elaborate but dismal humbug.

The adaptation was something Playwright Maxwell Anderson apparently dashed off on the back of an old theater program. Composer Bernard Herrmann contributed a few carols lacking either spirit or strength to presume on old standbys, and some solo songs (lyrics also by Anderson) that seemed saccharine even from Tiny Tim (Christopher Cook). Occasionally Fredric March as Scrooge showed some of his talent (as when he tried to wish away Marley's ghost as a case of indigestion), but for the most part, he seemed to be trying to caricature Scrooge Emeritus, the late Lionel Barrymore. The production was technically instructive for viewers interested in makeup techniques—the line dividing March's real nose from Scrooge's putty one was visible through most of the hour-long show—and the dinner table in the house of poor, starving Bob Cratchit (Bob Sweeney) was so laden with food that it needed only Henry VIII to waddle in and begin throwing haunches of venison to his hunting hounds.

Victor Borge, the happy Dane, comes to TV in his own show hardly more often than Christmas or the *Festival of Music*, and he is just as welcome. There are no comedians with Borge's talent for the piano, and no pianists with Borge's gift for comedy; moreover, with wit and fingers that are equally limber, he can travel first class in either company. In his second hour-long CBS appearance, Borge departed from his one-man show format, which earned him an 849-performance run on Broadway, to use a 42-piece orchestra—but he used it sparingly, and mostly as a collective straight man. On his own, Borge ran the comic gamut from the musician's parody of Bach to a mimic's spoof

of Liberace ("Here is an opera Mozart composed for my mother"), keeping his timing uniformly impeccable in keyboard trills, one-line gags ("We have three children—one of each"), mugging, puns, audience squelchers, zany nonsequiturs and pure slapstick. The viewer's first impulse is to want to see Borge more often, but with TV's voracious way of chewing up and spewing out comedians and their material, the answer seems to be not more Borge, but more Borge.

John P. Marquand's *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* was not the best butter out of the churn of U.S. letters' smoothest old smoothy, but it was creamy enough to provide superior TV drama last week over CBS's *Playhouse 90* (Thurs., 9:30-11:00 p.m.). Writer Frank D. Gilroy had the sense to stick close to Marquand's story, and the talent to weave many of the bland Marquand nuances of class and manner into a 90-minute teleplay that had consistency, pace and believability. Good direction (by Vincent Donohue) carried the story past Gilroy's occasional rough spots and got good performances out of a good cast. Sarah Churchill was a handsome, if not sufficiently Scott Fitzgeraldian, Bess Harcourt of the mill-owning Harcourts. Particularly when it came time to let the hypocrisy in his soul take over from the loyalty in his manner, Peter Lawford effectively carried Willis Wayde to his ultimate decision: if he could not have Bess, he would have her family mill. He got it.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Dec. 20. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

White House Christmas (Thurs. 5:15 p.m., ABC). The President lights the tree.

Playhouse 90 (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Nanette Fabray and Lew Ayres in *The Family Nobody Wanted*.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *Hollywood's Holiday Revue*.

The Saturday Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Sonja Henie in *Holiday on Ice*.

The Alcoa Hour (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Stingiest Man in Town*, new musical version of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*.

The Being Boing Show (Sun. 5:30 p.m., CBS). UPA cartoons, including *The Twelve Days of Christmas* and *Ludwig Bemelmans' Madeline* (color).

Omnibus (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). *The Star of Bethlehem*, explained astronomically by the Hayden Planetarium.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Menotti's Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Tales of Hoffmann* with Richard Tucker.

Christmas Sing with Bing (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). Second annual hourlong show with Bing Crosby and chorale groups.

The Messiah (Mon. 10:05 p.m., ABC). Handel's oratorio, the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Narrator Ronald Colman.



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Promises

The old legend that there are 30,000 promises in the Bible is a bit off, according to Schoolteacher Everek R. Storms of Kitchener, Ont. A member of Canada's United Missionary Church, Storms slowed down enough on his 27th reading of the Bible to tally up the promises, which took him a year and a half. He came up with 7,487 promises by God to man, two by God the Father to God the Son, 991 by one man to another (such as the servants who promised to interpret King Nebuchadnezzar's dream), 290 by man to God, e.g., "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise" (*Psalms 51:15*). Twenty-eight promises were made by angels, one by man to an angel, and two were made by an evil spirit to the Lord. Satan made nine, as when he promised the world to Christ "if thou wilt fall down and worship me" (to which Christ answered: "Get thee hence, Satan"). Grand total of promises: 8,810.

The Catholic as Censor

"Of course it's obvious why Kerr gave *Candide* such an all-out panning," a musician in the Broadway show's orchestra told a friend last week. "He's a Catholic and the book's on the Index."

Walter Kerr, drama critic on the New York *Herald Tribune*, has heard many such snap judgments. U.S. Roman Catholics, says Catholic Kerr in a sharp little book called *Criticism and Censorship* (Bruce: \$2.75), are wide-open to the suspicion of being too Index-minded or too censorship-conscious. He writes: "It sometimes seems as though the struggle over censorship were a struggle between Catholicism and the rest of America."

A Kind of Ignorance. Alarmed at the Catholic tendency to judge a work of art according to puritan standards of "decency," says Kerr, professional critics tend to take an unreasoning position against any form of censorship; equally alarmed at this anarchic attitude, Catholics damn all critics as "artsakists" who are insensitive to sin and indifferent to its effects. Wise censorship simply means the exercise of prudence, says Kerr, but "the censor is not acting out of clear knowledge. He is acting in a kind of ignorance." And he should proceed with great caution for fear of destroying something good.

Professional censors are cautious enough; the Vatican's Index contains surprisingly few titles.[®] But U.S. Catholics, says Kerr, have "dozens of 'little Indexes' that pursue them from the pages of diocesan newspapers, devotional maga-

zines, magazines created especially for the purpose of giving moral ratings to 'best-sellers,' and—finally—from the lips of well-meaning Catholic neighbors . . . A few seasons ago a New York playgoer who took his Catholic magazine listings to heart would have felt free to see exactly one legitimate entertainment—*Mr. Ice of 1950*."

The result is disintegration of taste. "The [Catholic] community no longer has any means at its disposal for distinguishing one piece of work from another, provided both subscribe to the same moral code. A vulgar virgin is as good as a sen-



"CANDIDE" ON BROADWAY
Virgins can be vulgar.

sitively conceived virgin; the only thing that matters is that it is a virgin." Says Kerr, "generally low taste" of U.S. Catholics, according to Kerr, "has been a minor scandal for quite a time now."

The Real World. For a solution to the problem, Kerr invites both artsakists and sinners to meet on St. Thomas Aquinas' conception of integrity in art, which Kerr interprets as a wholeness and honesty in relation to life that makes a book or play or picture moral in the highest sense, no matter what evil it may depict. In that sense, nothing truly beautiful could ever be called bad, nothing bad could ever be called beautiful. Esthetics and ethics would be the same. But that, Kerr admits, could probably come to pass only in an ideal world.

As for the real world, he advises his fellow Catholics to relax a little. Says Kerr: "It is perfectly possible for a society to be prudently, scrupulously self-protective—and still be sick. Bundling up won't do the job all by itself; exercise is essential. As Catholics, we've been doing a lot of bundling up and taking very little exercise."

"Imprudent" Mindszenty?

Cardinal Mindszenty may be a hero to millions of Roman Catholics, and non-Catholics as well, but many Vatican insiders are currently critical of him. Their complaint: his "very definite lack of prudence." First count against him: allowing himself to be photographed saying Mass in the U.S. legation close to an American flag. Second: assigning his aide, Msgr. Egon Turchanyi, to smuggle out of Hungary a message for U.S. Cardinal Spellman. Father Turchanyi—who was also in the legation photograph and clearly identifiable—was caught at the Austrian border and imprisoned by the Reds. Both the flag episode and the message, the Vatican fears, may strengthen the familiar Communist propaganda line that Mindszenty is an American stooge.

As for the continued rebellion in Hungary, the Vatican deplores it. "Whatever the consequences," said a spokesman, "the Pope and Vatican cannot but feel deepest anguish at the continuing bloodshed."

Ax for PAX

The Communists' chief weapon against the Catholic Church in Poland seemed broken last week. The weapon: PAX, an organization of fellow-traveling Catholic laymen. Faced with Premier Wladyslaw Gomulka's anti-Stalinist regime, and with a new agreement for cooperation between church and state (*TIME*, Dec. 17), PAX was frantically holding meetings, breaking itself up into splinter groups with new names, trying to get its members into other organizations. Explained Radio Warsaw: "PAX, disguising itself, would like to regain the confidence of the community." That confidence had never really existed.

When Soviet Secret Police Boss Ivan Serov, lately notorious in Hungary (*see FOREIGN NEWS*), set up headquarters in Warsaw in 1944, he realized that the NKVD was for the first time operating in a country with a Catholic majority. He favored a gradual undermining of the Church's position rather than a direct frontal attack, picked a Polish political adventurer named Boleslaw Piasecki to lead a group of "progressive," i.e., pro-Communist, Catholics. Piasecki had learned the tricks of his trade as an agent for Mussolini and later for the Gestapo; he had organized shock troops to liquidate Red partisans in Poland. Picked up by the NKVD, he saved his neck by betraying his former pals.

Under Piasecki's direction, and with the aid of lavish government subsidies, PAX blossomed into a sprawling industrial and propaganda complex. It published magazines and books, controlled factories producing everything from shoes to metal goods, ran its own motor pool, its own high school and hospitals. It also had a lucrative monopoly of the sale of devotional items and religious literature in Poland.

But for all its vast resources, PAX never budged the vast majority of Polish Catholics. Audiences listened skeptically

[®] At present more than 4,000 (only 32 new ones have been added in the last five years), the majority because of "theological error" rather than immorality. Among Indexed books: Richardson's *Pamela*; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*; Hugo's *Les Misérables* and *Notre-Dame de Paris*; all the works of Anatole France, Zola, Maeterlinck.



RED STOOZE PIASECKI
Faith defeated a false front.

when high-living Director Piasecki tried to explain why it was "necessary" for Poland's Red regime to jail Catholic bishops or liquidate Catholic charities. Many unsuspecting priests were arrested after their frank conversations were recorded by PAX men wearing concealed microphones; then Piasecki would offer to help free them in return for "cooperation." Only a handful accepted, and not a single renegade bishop could be found.

In 1950 Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, Primate of Poland, boldly attacked PAX. Later, the Vatican proscribed PAX's newspaper and a book by Piasecki which called Communism the true Christianity. When Gomulka returned to power last October, many PAX leaders hastily and publicly repudiated it. The total failure of PAX to split Poland's Catholic leadership was a measure of how grossly the Soviets had underestimated the vitality of the Polish church.

Not all satellite clergy lived up to the example set in Poland. High on the dishonorable role of turncoat churchmen who rendered unto the Communist Caesar that which is God's stands Bishop John Peter, 55, of the Reformed Church of Hungary. Though he kept relatively quiet when he came to the U.S. two years ago for the Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Evanston, Ill., he has a longtime record of pro-Communist hatchet-manuevering. Item: in 1949 he was responsible for the execution of Hungarian Diplomat Victor Csornovi on trumped-up charges of espionage. Now word has come that on the high tide of the Hungarian patriots' revolution, a special assembly of the Reformed Church expelled Bishop Peter. Even the arrival of Soviet tanks could not fully restore Bishop Peter, though a special committee has now been appointed by the nervous assembly to re-examine the case.

Not Perfect

Nobody ever seriously expected the Salk vaccine to be 100% successful in preventing illness, paralysis or death from polio. But last September, news stories reported that, according to the U.S. Public Health Service, no child had died of polio after receiving the full course of three shots of Salk vaccine. In fact, at the time, the PHS already knew about one such death in July. A five-year-old boy who had been given his three shots died in Indiana ten minutes after admission to a hospital with a diagnosis of bulbar polio. Last week a second (and fully confirmed) case turned up: James Thomson, 15, of Mount Vernon, Wash. died of bulbar polio three months after getting his third Salk shot.

Rehabilitation

Charles Pasche was born with no right arm and only a useless stump where his left arm should have been. Like many such "congenital amputees" (cause unknown), he learned to do an amazing variety of everyday tasks with his toes. It seemed impossible that he could ever become expert at what he most wanted to do—paint. But when Pasche was in his 20s, an Italian artist visiting his home in Geneva patiently taught him to hold a brush between his agile first and second toes, gave him aid in painting techniques.

Last week Charles Pasche, 41, father of two and fully self-supporting, displayed his paintings (mostly still lifes) and his methods at the Kessler Institute for Rehabilitation in West Orange, N.J. His appearance was part of an exhibit by Europe's Guild of Mouth- and Foot-Painting Artists to show how far rehabilitation of the handicapped can go.

Alongside Pasche sat Corry Riet, 31, of Zaandam, The Netherlands, who was paralyzed by polio at the age of five. When it became clear that she would never regain the use of her arms, Corry Riet learned

to hold a brush with her teeth, took lessons from a landscapist. She makes a comfortable income from her paintings, calendars and greeting cards.

At the West Orange Institute, Pasche was astonished at the efficiency of artificial arms perfected by famed Surgeon Henry H. Kessler. But having achieved such expertise with his feet, he decided to carry on without arms.

Kinsey Continued

The Kinsey report will go on—and on. Dr. Paul H. Gebhard, an anthropologist and the new executive director of Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research, announced last week that Founder Alfred C. Kinsey had left enough material, compiled over 18 years, to fill 20 volumes beyond the two already published. Expected next year: a book with the tentative and unconsciously funny title, *Pregnancy and Its Outcome*, which will devote itself to a study of pregnancies (planned and accidental), births (live and still), and abortions (spontaneous and induced).

"A Soul Without Psychology"

Ancient man had a psyche, by which he meant a soul. Modern man has a psyche, by which he is apt to mean a cumbersome machine full of id and superego, conscious and unconscious, with optional accessories such as Oedipal feedbacks. In place of the soul he has put psychology. In *The Death and Rebirth of Psychology*, published last week (Julian Press; \$4), Dr. Ira Progoff suggests that with recent modifications psychology can now give man back his soul.

To do this, young (35) Dr. Progoff, now practicing "depth psychology" in Manhattan, attempts a bold task: reconciling the often violently discordant views of modern psychology's major prophets—Sigmund Freud, Alfred Adler, Carl Gustav Jung and Otto Rank. Says Progoff: "When we make allowances for the areas where they overlap, repeat each other, or say the



ARTISTS PASCHE & RIET WITH SURGEON KESSLER
Life and a living without arms.

Walter Darron



FREUD



JUNG



ADLER



RANK

The foundation they built will consume itself.

Bettman Archive; Newsphotos; Underwood & Underwood

same thing in different words, and when we balance out the personal facts that led to undue emphasis in one direction or another, there remains a fundamental consistency in the development of [their] thought and practice." As Progoff sees it, Freud took the initial dive, and then the other three followed, each penetrating a little more deeply into the depths of the psyche, each coming a little closer to "the spiritual core of man's being."

The Prophets. Freud, says Progoff, was guided by "the habits of mind of a medical man working with a neurological emphasis" and by his materialistic determinism, which led to his early belief that merely to analyze the origin of a condition was enough to cure it. (Also, Freud's unusual family setting, with a young mother but a father old enough to be his grandfather, led to overemphasis on Oedipal feelings.) Though Pioneer Freud made a tremendous contribution, Progoff believes that his analytical and reductive point of view "leads to a dead end for depth psychology." At the heart of Progoff's case against Freud is the fact that he saw man almost entirely as a material being controlled by biological urges. Thus man's spiritual search for the "core of his being"—which is essential in every religion and almost every philosophy of life—was reduced by Freud to a matter of the "superego accepting the ego." This, to Progoff, means that Freud was guilty of intellectualizing and mechanizing "a basic cosmic experience."

Adler came closer to this cosmic experience. He called it "social feeling," and through it "gained a profound and intimate connection with life." This, suggests Progoff, sprang from his extravert nature, just as his theory about "organ inferiority" leading to compensation, and often overcompensation, must have been derived from his childhood. (Adler's earliest memory was of himself as an ailing, rachitic two-year-old, bandaged like a mummy, immobile on a park bench while his elder brother bounced around showing off his prowess.) A disciple of Freud until he broke with him in 1911, Adler insisted that human beings are called upon to advance "an ideal society amongst mankind."

Switzerland's Carl Jung came still closer

to man's spiritual core. Adler had broadened the picture to include social instincts; Jung deepened it to include religious instincts. From Jung's complex and often obscure theories Progoff distills an essence: that mankind has a collective "Self," which can be fully realized only through a religious outlook, regardless of creed. This abstract Self, with many features of the ancient soul, is utterly foreign to the sexual debris that Freud found at the bottom of the unconscious well.

Next came Vienna's Otto Rank, and it is with him that Author Progoff really stands.

Into the Fire. Unlike his three peers, Rank was no physician but an earnest young engineering student who was attracted into Freud's orbit in 1905 as pupil, later as secretary of the psychoanalytic inner circle. He served Freud faithfully for 20 years, finally broke away, denouncing Freud's "therapeutic nihilism." Rank's rebellion took him through many stages. In one he attached overwhelming importance to birth trauma as a source of neurotic difficulties. In another he blasted Freud's emphasis on the unconscious, called for a "psychology of the conscious." Immortality—at which Freud scoffed, which Adler ignored, and at which Jung only broadly hinted—achieved outstanding importance for Rank. It became something that each individual had to attain for himself on the plane of "spiritual realities." To Rank, man's core was the "will to immortality," that is, "man's inherent need to live in the light of eternity."

Progoff sums up Rank's achievement: "Both Jung and Adler went to the borders of psychology and looked beyond. Each was convinced . . . that the truth about man's life lies somewhere over the edges of psychological theory. It remained for Otto Rank to demonstrate that this was much more than a personal belief of theirs but an unavoidable outcome of psychoanalysis. [He] showed that all analytical types of psychology require a step beyond themselves; otherwise they remain on the treadmill of self-conscious analysis." Depth psychology, believes Dr. Progoff, has only a transitional role in history, and if it is to fulfill its purpose, *i.e.*, to show modern

man the meaning of his life, "it can do so only by guiding him to an experience that is beyond psychology."

Together, Freud, Adler, Jung and Rank have formed the foundations of a new psychology. But this, Progoff believes, will eventually consume itself, phoenixlike, in its own fire as it puts man—with an infinitely deeper rational understanding of himself than he ever had before—into harmony with the deeper, nonrational forces of the universe. This will be the point when man achieves "a soul without psychology."

Drug Detector

One of the big problems plaguing law-enforcement officers dealing with narcotics addicts is how to determine quickly and conclusively whether a suspect is or is not on drugs. Most seasoned addicts are expert at concealing needle marks (sometimes with tattoos). Although addicts show withdrawal symptoms (goose flesh, yawning, nausea, vomiting) when they are cut off from drugs for one to two days, in many cases there are no legal grounds for holding suspects until the symptoms appear. The solution, California's Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement believes, lies in a narcotic antagonist called N-allylnormorphine, known commercially as Nalline.

As doctors at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Ky. have already discovered, Nalline, when injected under the addict's skin, causes immediate withdrawal symptoms. (If given to basically healthy non-addicts, the drug causes no serious symptoms.) In eight months of testing, Narcotics Inspector Fred Braumoe and Dr. James G. Terry, an Alameda County medical officer, also noted that Nalline has a telltale effect on the eyes of people to whom it is administered: while it causes a non-addict's pupils to constrict, it causes the addict's pupils to dilate.

Using the Nalline test, Inspector Braumoe and Dr. Terry have achieved some spectacular results. Addict convictions in Oakland, they report, have risen from 29 in 1955 to 150 in the last eight months, and crimes largely attributed to addicts have declined 12%.

All over the world...

the cry of a child sounds the same!

● Who asks the nationality of a hungry child?
Of a sick one? Of a child that mourns for a mother swept
away forever by disaster or epidemic?

Human suffering observes no boundaries. Neither does
mercy or generosity. That is why, all over the world,
your Red Cross works closely with similar organizations
to bring help to those who so desperately need it.

Perhaps in these activities, where human needs
transcend political differences, can be seen the beginning
of a new hope for peace on earth. Today, you can do
much to foster this developing spirit by joining your
Red Cross. For when you join, you help the voice of
humanity to be heard all over the world. In the name
of mankind, it is a voice that must be heeded.

On the job



when it counts...
where it counts!



BUSINESS

GOVERNMENT

How Big Is Too Big?

Like two huskies spoiling for a fight, Bethlehem Steel and the Justice Department have been circling each other for more than two years, each one daring the other to knock the chip off its shoulder. Last week both chips were knocked off. Fulfilling one of his dreams, 80-year-old Bethlehem Chairman Eugene G. Grace joined Youngstown Chairman James L. Mauthe in announcing a merger agreement between Beth Steel, second biggest

biggest company in the industry. What more do you need than that?"

But the big flaw in the Government's case, said Beth Steel, is that the two companies are more complementary, both by geography and by the products they make, than competitive. Bethlehem has plants on the east and west coasts, while Youngstown is concentrated in the Midwest. Youngstown produces many products that Bethlehem does not, e.g., seamless weld pipe, while Bethlehem manufactures steel types not made at all or in any large quantity by Youngstown, e.g., struc-

lets, Britain asked for and got the largest loan permissible under the fund's rules.

Britain may immediately draw \$561,470,000 in dollars to shore up its gold and dollar reserves—down \$279 million last month to \$1.9 billion, lowest figure since the 1952 payments crisis caused by the Korean war. The balance of \$738,530,000 in currencies of fund members is available to Britain during the next year should she need it.

"Essentially Sound." Said Director Jacobson: "The trading position of the United Kingdom has been and continues to be essentially sound." The new "pressure was not caused by weakness in the current account, but reflected a decline in confidence." The fund's "support on a massive scale" would "effectively contribute to restoration of the strong balance-of-payments position."

The next day the loan began to have its hoped-for effect. The pound steadied in the London money market, rose from \$2.781 to \$2.783. Speculators who had been selling the pound short in the belief that it might be devalued, began withdrawing from the attack. Further indirect support is almost certain in the shape of a U.S. Export-Import Bank loan, possibly as high as \$700,000,000, to help finance Britain's foreign trade.

U.S. Help. The save-the-pound operation would have been impossible without firm support from the U.S. Treasury, the wealthiest and most powerful of the fund's 60 members. But it involved no new outlay by the U.S.; Washington had already subscribed the money to the fund as part of its quota, just as Britain had subscribed \$1.3 billion, and now the U.S. simply made the cash available. This way of helping Britain suited Treasury Secretary George Humphrey; he did not have to ask Congress for the money. The U.S. decision to use the fund as the main instrument for supporting Britain was also in line with President Eisenhower's decision to handle the Middle East crisis through the U.N. In both operations, the U.S. turned to the world organizations instead of tackling the problems unilaterally.

For the other member nations in Europe, the fund could also lend support. If necessary, France could draw up to \$255,000,000; The Netherlands, \$275,000,000; Austria, \$50,000,000. But Director Jacobson did not think the need would arise. The size of the loan to Britain would help stabilize the sterling area with which France and other West European nations are associated, make it unnecessary for them to withdraw their quotas.

ATOMIC ENERGY

Midget to Giant

For the first time last week, the Atomic Energy Commission disclosed the full size and scope of one of the nation's newest and most vital industries. In a few brief years the mining and processing of ura-



BETHLEHEM'S GRACE & YOUNGSTOWN'S MAUTHE
One giant could fight another.

U.S. producer, with assets of \$2 billion and ingot capacity of 20 million tons, and Youngstown Steel, sixth biggest producer (assets \$574 million, ingot capacity 5.8 million tons). The Antitrust Division, which had already warned Beth Steel it would fight the plan, promptly filed suit under Section 7 of the Clayton Act.

The trustbusters did not charge that the merged companies would create a monopoly; they charged merely that the bigger company "may substantially lessen competition or tend to create a monopoly." Both sides were anxious for the first court test of a key legal point: just how big may business legally grow by mergers?

Flow. The Government's case, as set forth in the complaint, was merger. It merely said that competition between the two companies would be eliminated in coke-oven byproducts, pig iron and semi-finished steel products, but presented few specific details to show how, made no mention of the fact that even after the merger, Beth Steel would still be far smaller than U.S. Steel. Said a Justice man: "In this case you're losing the independent competing activity of the sixth

tural steels, rails, castings, stampings, machinery, freight cars, ships. The merger would permit product and geographic expansion that neither company could finance in the tight money market.

Merger Argument. There was another argument for merging: creation of another giant steel company with a capacity of 25.8 million tons (13.4 million tons less than U.S. Steel) and assets of \$2.6 billion (\$1 billion below U.S. Steel) could actually increase steel-industry competition. For the first time there would be a real rival for U.S. Steel, the undisputed monolith (first in capacity in ten of twelve major steel-producing categories) whose wage and price decisions have hitherto set the industry pattern.

Support for Britain

"If a general has to capture a hill, it is better to take it in one go rather than attack three or four times. You lose fewer men that way." Thus, last week, International Monetary Fund Director Per Jacobsson explained the fund's \$1.3 billion loan to Britain to prop the Suez-battered pound. Instead of help in drib-

TIME CLOCK

nium has grown from a midget industry into a giant, with an output worth more than \$100 million a year. In 1956 alone, the AEC's figures revealed, the industry processed 3,000,000 tons of raw ore into 6,000 tons of uranium concentrate (one ton of concentrate contains 11 lbs. of U-235, the reactor fuel).

AEC's plant at Monticello, Utah and eleven privately owned plants representing an investment of \$50 million did the refining job. Top producer: Anaconda Co.'s mill at Bluewater, N. Mex., which handles 3,000 tons of ore daily. Eight more mills costing \$35 million and capable of processing 4,000 tons daily are scheduled to be built in 1957 and early 1958. There will be plenty of ore for all. The AEC announced that the U.S. now has proven uranium reserves of 60 million tons, 60 times more than known reserves in 1948. Biggest cache: New Mexico's 41 million tons, 68.4% of the total—followed by Utah (7.5 million tons), Colorado (4.1 million), Arizona (2.6 million), Wyoming (2.3 million), Washington (1.5 million).

This year's production of uranium concentrate is equal to the energy value of 150 million tons of bituminous coal (about 32% of annual U.S. production). The fast growth of the industry has raised the question of whether there will be a use for all the uranium. AEC did not say, but it forecast a big market. It figures that U.S. nuclear electricity capacity by 1975 could require up to 15,000 tons of concentrate annually. The 180,000-kw. reactor to be built by Chicago's Commonwealth Edison group will require 75 tons of uranium metal just to start, and the Shippingport, Pa. reactor, scheduled to start operating next year, will need 12 tons.

Last week's sudden release of figures from the AEC is partly the result of a new agreement with Canada and Britain for declassifying secret information. (Canada, which exports ore only to the U.S., last week announced that its production rate of concentrate is 3,300 tons annually, and its known reserves are 225 million tons.) But it also reflects AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss's belief that private industry must be encouraged to increase its participation in atomic-power development rather than letting the job go to public-power plants. One way to prod private business, the AEC feels, is to put out more atomic facts.

BUILDING

Comeback City

In 1842 Author Charles Dickens visited Pittsburgh, held his ears and called the town "hell with the lid lifted." Over a century later, Author John Gunther passed through, held his nose and described it (in *Inside U.S.A.*) as "one of the most shockingly ugly and filthy cities in the world." Last week much-abused Pitts-

COLLEGE GRADS in '57 will get record starting pay, averaging \$400 a month in business and industry, double the figure of ten years ago. Biggest earners, survey by Northwestern University shows, will be engineers at \$433 v. \$385 for liberal arts and most business graduates.

BRITANNIA TURBOJETs will go into commercial service in February. After many delays, Britain's Bristol Aeroplane Co., Ltd. has modified turbine engines, cured problems of icing, flameouts. British Overseas Airways Corp. will start planes that can carry up to 133 passengers on London-South Africa run, later fly them to Australia, Far East.

BIGGEST ATOMIC POWER plant in free world will be built near Glasgow, Scotland, generate about 360,000 kw. by 1961, save 1,000,000 tons of coal yearly. Combine of British General Electric-Simon Carves will put up \$100 million plant. Over next decade, Britain expects to build 17 nuclear power plants at cost of \$1.2 billion.

INLAND WATERWAYS in U.S. are carrying 20% more traffic this year than 1955's record 867 million tons. Business is up 20% on Tennessee River, 15% on lower Mississippi and Gulf Intracoastal Waterway (TIME COLOR PAGES, Oct. 1). Total U.S. waterborne traffic—including imports and exports, coastal, lake, inland waterways—topped 1 billion tons last year for first time in history.

G.M. TRUCKS will be built in Brazil for first time. Automaker will spend \$10 million for enginebuilding and foundry equipment, as a start, will eventually turn out six-cylinder Chevrolet truck engines from new plant near São Paulo in 1958. Chevy-type trucks later. G.M. is trebling its automotive invest-

burghers looked around, held their breath, and 1) heard plans for a 15-to-22-story, \$12 million skyscraper for their bustling Gateway Center; 2) watched the barricades go up for a 17-story, \$7,000,000, metal-sheathed monolith for Pittsburgh's H. K. Porter Co.; 3) got the designs for a \$15 million, 800-room, new Hilton Hotel. Said Hotelman Conrad Hilton: "We have heard about the renaissance of Pittsburgh. We like to go into a live city. Many communities just talk about urban redevelopment. Pittsburgh has accomplished what it talked about."

Three big projects in one week were quite a feat even for Pittsburgh, where, in the past decade, 50 major downtown buildings have sprung up (cost: \$130 million) and 4,000 off-street parking spaces have been created. In the Golden Triangle business district, where no office building had been put up between 1930 and 1945, one-fourth of the area has been rebuilt in ten years, raising assessed

ment in G.M. do Brasil, which now makes truck cabs and refrigerators, assemblies trucks, cars.

SLIDING-SCALE INSURANCE, with lower rates for big policies, will be tried by Northwestern Mutual Life, first major company to do so. First \$5,000 of coverage sells for standard rate, but premium drops \$1 per thousand per year on policies from \$5,000 to \$10,000, drops \$1.25 on those over \$10,000.

SUPERSONIC MISSILE for Navy. Chance-Vought's surface-to-surface turbojet Regulus II, will soon be in production with \$26 million order. Designed for subs and cruisers, missile is much faster (estimated speed: 1,000 m.p.h.) than subsonic Regulus I.

G.I. HOME LOANS will be eased by new Veterans Administration rule. V.A. will allow lenders to make tentative loan commitments with understanding that loan can carry an interest rate higher than the 4½% legal maximum, provided Congress raises maximum before deal is closed.

COMMUNIST CURRENCIES are plummeting because of satellite unrest. Hungary's forint, pegged officially at 12¢, hit alltime low of less than 1¢ on Zurich and New York free markets, as refugees rushed to sell at any price. Russia's ruble, pegged officially at 25¢, has dropped on U.S. free market to 7¢ v. 12½¢ one year ago.

BIG MEAT PACKERS are pushing for permission to branch into retail meat, grocery business. Swift, Armour and Cudahy have petitioned Federal District Court in Washington, D.C. to revoke consent decree of 1920 prohibiting them from owning retail meat markets and restricting their dealing in 140 products, e.g., fruits, vegetables, fresh milk.

property value by 25%. Now Pittsburgh is opening the second round of its rebirth. All told, \$150 million worth of new buildings are under construction or due to start next year. On the downtown fringes, Pittsburgh is spending another \$100 million to clean out the wormy Hill District slums—95 acres of cobbled streets, blighted homes, vice, crime and poverty. Much of it should be completed in time for Pittsburgh's 200th birthday party in 1958.

Gateway to Heaven. Of the work already under way, builders are putting the finishing graces on the 16-story State Office Building, sheathed with striking blue aluminum panels; near by, the superstructure is pushing up for the twelve-story Bell Telephone Building. Both are rectangular slabs at Gateway Center, near the point of the downtown Triangle. They will add to the three all-steel office buildings thrown up since 1950 at Gateway, now the headquarters of Westinghouse Electric Corp., Westinghouse Air Brake

MILITARY MAINTENANCE

Private Industry Can Increase Its Role

TIME was when the maintenance problem of armies consisted of little more than shoeing horses and hammering out the dents in a knight's armor. But in today's supersonic and electronic age, the task of caring for a stable of increasingly complex weapons and equipment has become a major problem for the military, and a challenge and opportunity for private industry. Of the Defense Department's \$7 billion maintenance budget in fiscal 1956, nearly \$1.4 billion was for overhauling, and a fourth of this went to U.S. business for its part in maintaining the nation's arsenal. Though private business has made major inroads into a field once almost exclusive to the military, it is anxious to press even farther. The question now facing the Armed Forces: How far should industry be allowed to go?

The arguments for farming out more maintenance contracts, particularly for major overhauls, are impressive. Such contracts keep private facilities in readiness for total mobilization, encourage development breakthroughs by spreading know-how. With civilians doing more and more noncombat jobs, the services can concentrate more on battle training, prepare men for fighting instead of repairing typewriters or truck motors.

One of the biggest problems of the services is the need to train a man for two or three years for a technical job, only to lose him to private industry a few months later. This is a crucial loss in the supersonic age: while it took only two men to check out the 24 electronic boxes in the older F86D, it requires ten to check the F102B's 210 electronic boxes. Private industry strongly believes that a smarter and cheaper way would be to let business do the job; the military should follow the trend in private business, where many firms no longer try to maintain such equipment as trucks or electronic machines, but rent the equipment, let outsiders maintain it. And though private wages are higher than service pay, the difference is not so great, considering the cost of training and supporting a serviceman for several years.

The Air Force has taken the lead in recognizing the advantages of farming out maintenance. Starting in the hard-pressed days of the Korean war, it has increased private contracts to nearly 60% of the estimated \$772 million it will spend (exclusive of servicemen's pay) on maintenance in fiscal 1957. While much of this was made necessary by the increasing complexity of aeronautical equipment and the short-

age of technicians, the Air Force is convinced that it is nonetheless getting a bargain—even though private contracts often cost more than military work. The expensive alternative, the Air Force recognizes, would be to invest heavily in new maintenance plants, hire more civil-service employees. The Air Force can even save money by utilizing the prime contractors who are producing planes and missiles, are already tooled up to repair and overhaul the weapons. Lockheed Aircraft, for example, has set up a separate subsidiary just to handle maintenance and overhaul, now employs more than 6,000 people, expects to do \$50 million worth of work this year.

The Army, so far, has been reluctant to call on civilian help. It has only 10.6% of its total maintenance bill in private contracts in fiscal 1956. The Navy is lagging still farther behind with only 6%. The armed services should use private maintenance, many Navy men feel, only when it saves money. "It makes sense to go commercial," says Captain Robert M. Reynolds, maintenance chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, "when you can ride on somebody else's costs, as in the case of the prime manufacturer." Otherwise, the Navy finds it hard to forget that costs in its own shops are \$5 a manhour vs. \$8.18 in private shops. Yet, despite its reservations, the Navy is stepping up the jobs for private industry. Last week Dallas' Southwest Airmotive Corp. announced that it has been awarded the first Navy aircraft-engine overhaul contract to go to a nonmanufacturer since World War II.

No one really expects that private industry can take over all—or even the biggest part—of the maintenance job of the Armed Forces. But there are still many areas, notably in the Army and Navy, in which it could free servicemen for combat assignments without interfering with combat readiness. As weapons become more complex and technicians scarcer, the services will have to look more and more to private industry for help in maintaining the nation's military depots. Already military contracts for maintenance and overhaul have virtually created a new industry. Southern California Aircraft Corp., for example, started out as a service for executive planes, now deals almost exclusively in military maintenance. The Defense Department is in full accord with the farm-out trend, hopes to see it go much farther. Said a Defense official: "Anyone who isn't on the farm-out bandwagon by 1960 is gonna get kicked on."

Co., Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., National Supply Co., Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Peoples Natural Gas Co. Eventually ten buildings will sprawl over Gateway in a parklike setting of shaded walks, lawns, fountains.

Not far away a 16-to-18-story luxury apartment building (cost: \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000) will rise near the new Hilton. In the Triangle, ground is to be broken in 1958 for a \$4,500,000 Y.W.C.A. Building, 16 glassy stories resembling Manhattan's Lever House.

Let in the Sky. Just beyond the Triangle, rising from the Lower Hill slums, will be a \$14 million, 14,000-seat civic auditorium with a fold-back dome to let the sky in for open-air spectacles. Growing around it will be a colony of civic, cultural and middle-income apartment buildings. Toward the outskirts the University of Pittsburgh will complete two new schools for medicine and public-health services in 1957 (cost: \$20 million).

Near the campus, developers last week showed off blueprints for two towering (21 stories), high-priced (\$350 a month) apartments. And across the Allegheny River from downtown Pittsburgh, girders are pushing up for the H. J. Heinz Co.'s new headquarters, which will be ready next year. The polluted Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers are being cleaned up, and Pittsburgh's air has been filtered of so much soot that the old Smoky City now claims that its air is cleaner than New York's or Chicago's.

Home-Town Push. Pittsburgh's herculean rebuilding efforts have been pushed by aroused businessmen who faced a dreary postwar prospect of losing the headquarters of some of their blue-chip industries to cleaner, more modern cities. Pittsburgh's first family, the Mellons, got the redevelopment rolling in 1947, and the Mellon foundations granted \$4,400,000 to clear Mellon Square of its tangle of old shops and office buildings. The biggest home-town pusher, Richard King Mellon, set up the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, which masterminds planning, put to work the business and union leaders of the city.

So enthusiastically did Dick Mellon pitch into work with the city government that some of his fellow Republicans started grumbling, especially since Democrat Mayor David Lawrence comes up for re-election next year. But Mellon and friends were thinking of Pittsburgh and people, not politics. Said U.S. Steel Director Benjamin Fairless: "Something fine has happened to the people of Allegheny County that cannot be measured in dollars. We are more neighborly. We have forgotten our petty differences and have voluntarily combined our talents, our money and our energy into this program for the common good of everyone."

New Home in Manhattan

Manhattan's building boom will add another skyscraper on fast-reviving Avenue of the Americas (TIME, Dec. 10). Rockefeller Center, Inc. and TIME Inc. last week announced plans for a new

47-story, \$70 million TIME and LIFE Building to occupy the entire west side of the avenue between 50th and 51st Streets, opposite Radio City Music Hall. When the 550-ft., air-conditioned building is finished in two years, TIME Inc. will take over 20 lower floors; the remaining 27 floors will be rented by Rockefeller Center, Inc. to other occupants, e.g., American Cyanamid Co., Shell Oil Co., McCann-Erickson, Inc., Esso Standard Oil Co. The plans of Manhattan Architects Wallace K. Harrison and Max Abramovitz (whose firm helped design Rockefeller Center, the United Nations building and many of the new Pittsburgh skyscrapers) call for a massive rectangular tower rising from two setbacks at the third and eighth floors, with the main entrance through a promenade with gardens and fountain pools.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

George Champion, 52, was named president, and David Rockefeller, 41, vice chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank in a move designed to bring younger men into top posts in New York City's No. 1 and the nation's No. 2 bank (first: Bank of America). Born in Illinois, Banker Champion graduated from Dartmouth in 1926 (where he played on the undefeated football team that year), spent seven years with various banks until he joined Chase in 1933, stayed on to become senior vice president in charge of the United States Department (lending and deposit relations with banks, other businesses outside Manhattan) in 1949. He succeeds J. Stewart Baker, who continues as chairman of the executive committee and as one of Chase Manhattan's two top executive officers (the other: Chairman John J. McCloy). David Rockefeller, youngest son of John D. Jr. and nephew of former Chase Chairman Winthrop Aldrich, was born in New York City, educated at Harvard ('36), with postgraduate study at the London School of Economics and a doctorate in economics at the University of Chicago in 1940. After a spell as secretary to New York's rambunctious Mayor Fiorello La Guardia and three years in the Army (private to captain), Rockefeller in 1946 went into the bank (in which his family and the Rockefeller Foundation own roughly 5% of the stock, the largest single block). He was appointed a senior vice president in 1952.

Frederick King Weyerhaeuser, 61, was elected president of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., largest in the country (2,600,000 acres of timberland, 1955 sales of more than \$300 million), succeeding his conservation-minded younger brother J. P. Weyerhaeuser Jr., who died early this month of leukemia (TIME, Dec. 17). Timber King Weyerhaeuser was born in Rock Island, Ill., graduated from Yale in 1917, piloted U.S. bombers on the Italian front during World War I. He joined Weyerhaeuser Sales Co. as an Iowa field representative in 1920, has been its president since 1929 and chairman of the present company since 1955.

BANKING

The Generous Lender

Banker William Rose of Ellenville, N.Y., third-generation president of Ellenville's Home National Bank (capital: \$807,000), seemed the very model of a progressive small-town banker. A frugal, prosperous bachelor of 50 who daily carried his lunch—a cold fried-egg sandwich and a Thermos of iced tea—to the bank in a wicker basket, he was a tireless dabbler in civil affairs. He led the movement for the summertime Empire State Music Festival that attracted thousands of culture seekers and dollars to Ellenville, was a district president in 1953 of the State Bankers Association, head usher of the Methodist Church. In the quiet little summer-resort village (pop. 5,000) two hours from Manhattan, literally everyone was in his debt; he did two-thirds of the town's banking

to three days. Rose hastily called a friend on the bank board and confessed: he had been manipulating the bank funds, holding up payments on incoming checks to tide over a couple of wobbly depositors.

Rose resigned, saying he had done it all for Ellenville. One of the doubtful accounts was a nearby hotel named Zeiger's, the other, the Anjopa Paper Co., in neighboring Napanoch, headed by Joseph Di Candia. Rose had poured thousands of dollars into the old broken-down paper mill, handled all its finances personally, rebuilt it into an apparently profitable concern. Once when Di Candia was picked up in Ellenville on a charge of passing bad checks in York, Pa., Rose even helped make the checks good in the settlement that got Di Candia out of jail. Rose made no visible profit from his unusual generosity, while Di Candia, who arrived in Ellenville virtually penniless in 1949, owned



Associated Press

WILLIAM ROSE (INSET) & ELLENVILLE'S HOME NATIONAL
Uncle Bill's leadership was so unselfish.

Milton H. Wagenhr

business, furnished 70% of its credit. "I've got to go up and see Uncle Bill and get a loan" was a community phrase. And rarely did Uncle Bill refuse.

Here and there some discrepancies crept into the account. A few years ago the Methodist stewards had to remove Rose as church treasurer for the unbankerlike reason that his accounts were too carelessly handled. He was careless in other ways, too. Many was the time he would put through a businessman's check even when the account was overdrawn, then phone and say: "Pay me when you get it." Faced with such freehanded competition, one Ellenville finance company folded up and left town.

Wobbly Borrowers. But all seemed well in Ellenville until last month. Then eight national bank examiners started to go over the bank's books, wondering why the checks drawn on other banks had been taking three to four weeks to clear the Home National, instead of the usual two

two Cadillacs, a \$40,000 home, a powerboat. Di Candia said that Rose did not even charge interest on the money he lent him; he thought it was Rose's own.

Staunch Friends. All told, the examiners found a shortage of \$564,000 in Uncle Bill's accounts. Was that all? A director asked Rose. Dramatically, the banker raised his right hand, swore that it was. That night Rose was charged with the federal offense of altering bank records (maximum sentence: \$5,000 fine and five years in jail), released on bail.

The next day, instead of the anticipated run on the bank, the town rallied around the bank and Uncle Bill. Depositors brought in more money than on almost any Saturday since the resort season ended; the busy, year-round Nevele Hotel & Country Club alone deposited \$102,000. A wooden booth went up in the town square with the placard: "We're behind you, Bill," and 3,000 residents lined up to sign a petition: "Ellenville is a finer

CONTINUITY
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MIT

Dividend Announcement

Massachusetts Investors Trust DECLARES ITS 129th Consecutive Dividend

11 cents a share,
from net income,
payable December
24 to shareholders
of record November
30, 1956.

ROBERT W. LADD,
Secretary

200 Berkeley Street, Boston



**please
care...**

hunger hurts!
SEND \$1 TO CARE, N.Y.
or your local CARE office

place to live because of his unselfish leadership." Business leaders sent Rose a letter reaffirming the "unique regard we hold for you."

The cold awakening came two days later when an examiner turned up more shortages—a total of \$1,200,000. Set against bank capital of \$807,000, the shortage brought only one answer from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.: close the bank, freeze all accounts, pay off all deposits up to the \$10,000 maximum. Last week Ellenville counted the cost of its generous banker in empty stores, canceled orders and overdue bills. Business was down about 50%, and Christmas prospects looked grim, as FDIC prepared to liquidate the bank.

Happy Citizens. At week's end, as FDIC prepared to start paying off on insured deposits, a businessmen's committee

raced to Washington with a plea: Would the Government permit them to raise fresh capital locally so the bank could reopen? Finally, Washington agreed to charter a new bank to replace Rose's old bank, if the townsfolk would raise \$1,050,000. The new Ellenville National Bank would inherit Home National's good accounts, while FDIC would assume the dubious ones, continue liquidation of the old bank. Back home, the businessmen scoured the town, selling 20,000 shares of new bank stock at \$52.50 apiece. This week they announced that the necessary money had been pledged.

Happy smiles decorated every face in Ellenville except that of generous Banker Rose. Reason: as soon as his bank was closed, his \$25,000 check for bail, drawn on his personal account, had bounced, and he was jailed.

MILESTONES

Married. Charles Lamont (Charley) Jenks, 22, Villanova University senior and 1956 Olympic 400-meter track champion, who holds the world's 500-yd. indoor record (56.4 sec.); and Phyllis Randolph, 20, clerk at the Boston Army Base; in Boston.

Divorced. By Vivian Blaine (real name: Vivian Stapleton), 35, actress (Miss Adelaide of *Gypsy* and *Dolls* on both stage and screen); Manny G. Frank, 54, her longtime agent; after eleven years of marriage, no children; in Little Rock, Ark.

Death Revealed. Prince Fumitaka ("Butch") Konohe, 41, son of the late Prince Fumimaro Konohe, Japan's Premier during 1937-39 and 1940-41; of Bright's disease on Oct. 29; in a Russian prison camp at Ivanovo, northeast of Moscow. Princeton-exposed Prince Konohe (he captained the university's 1937-38 golf team, flunked out in his senior year) was captured in Manchuria (1945) while serving as a lieutenant, in 1951 was socked with a 25-year sentence for "aiding capitalism." Russia did not bother to inform Japan of his death, allowed news to leak out last week when other Ivanovo inmates were repatriated.

Died. Robert Louis (Bob) Olin, 48, cobble-faced onetime (1934-35) lightweight-heavyweight boxing champ (he outwitted Maxie Rosenbloom for the title, lost it to John Henry Lewis on a decision), and since 1952 the proprietor of a cheesecake-and-cocktail oasis on Manhattan's Central Park West; of a heart attack; in New York City.

Died. Grace Reidy Comiskey, 62, blonde, baseball-wise widow of fleshy (400 lb.) J. Louis Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox since his death in 1939; of a heart attack; in Chicago. Businesswoman Comiskey took over active control of the White Sox by breaking her husband's will, which named a trustee to run

the club, became the American League's first woman president, later defeated her son Charles's efforts to win control.

Died. Everett Lee DeGolyer, 70, pioneer oil geologist, multimillionaire oilman, wide-ranging book collector; by his own hand (.38 revolver) after long illness; in Dallas (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Dr. Juho Kusti Paasikivi, 86, pudgy, crop-headed longtime Finnish statesman and Finland's President from 1946 to 1956, who negotiated three peace treaties with Russia (1920, 1940, 1944), successfully guided his country along a tortuous path between excessive appeasement and foolhardy provocation of its carnivorous neighbor; of a heart attack; in Helsinki. Born Johan August Hellsten, he changed his Swedish name to its Finnish equivalent before he entered politics, served twice as Finnish Premier (1918, 1944-46) before running for President. In 1955 he made his seventh official journey to the Kremlin, negotiated a 20-year mutual defense pact, wangled a promise that Russia would withdraw from its Finnish naval base at Porkkala. Patriot Paasikivi's coldly realistic view of his country's situation: Finland "is too small and dangerously located to afford a foreign policy directed against Russia."

Died. Lord Quickswood, 87 (formerly Lord Hugh Richard Heathcote Gascoyne-Cecil), longtime (1895-1906, 1910-37) Tory Member of Parliament and later (1936-44) provost of Eton, best man at the 1908 wedding of his lifelong friend Sir Winston Churchill; of a heart attack; in Bournemouth, England. A High Churchman who deplored nonconformists, Lord Hugh objected in 1938 to Unitarian Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's advising the Crown on the appointment of Anglican bishops, observed darkly: "If we lived in the reign of King Henry VIII, a Unitarian would not be in Downing Street. He would be burned at Smithfield."

SILVER DRENCHED A HILLSIDE...

One moonlight night long ago when the Prince of Peace
first gave us His message, *peace on earth to men of good will*.
He lay in the warmth of His Mother's arms and let the angels
sing His peace.

Later He spoke strongly, almost desperately, of His peace.

TRUE PEACE...

The kind that was born with Christ
that first Christmas,
is something inside a person.

It is...

...that tranquillity of perfect order
which a man or woman feels glowing within.

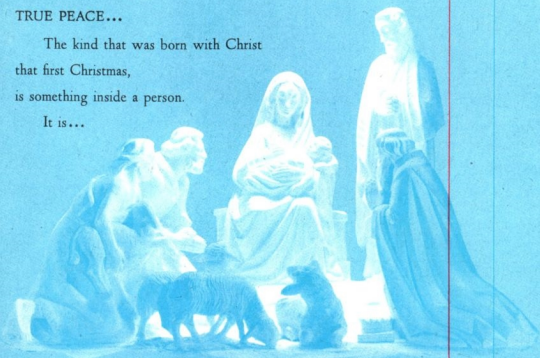
It can be sought, found and cherished at every level of life.
The peace Christ spoke of is the deep consciousness
of unity with God and all men.

Only out of the depth of that consciousness
and that unity can come a just and lasting peace
among the nations... *there is no other peace.*

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CINEMA

Box Office

The ten most popular movies in the U.S. last week, according to *Variety*:

- 1) *Giant* (George Stevens; Warner)
- 2) *The Ten Commandments* (Paramount)
- 3) *The Seven Wonders of the World* (Independent)
- 4) *Julie* (M-G-M)
- 5) *The Girl He Left Behind* (Warner)
- 6) *Okla!oma!* (Magna)
- 7) *Everything But the Truth* (Universal)
- 8) *Love Me Tender* (20th Century-Fox)
- 9) *Lust for Life* (M-G-M)
- 10) *The Sharkfighters* (Samuel Goldwyn Jr.; United Artists)

New Code

The earthier facts of life, as most U.S. moviegoers know, often whisper but seldom thunder from the silver screen. U.S. movie-makers are bound by ground rules; the industry's own self-censorship code, first drafted in 1929. Last week the movie industry announced the code's first major overhaul in a quarter-century. Items:

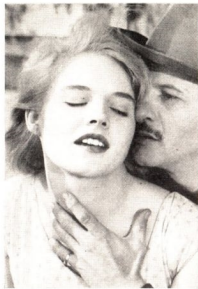
- ♣ Sex. "Open-mouth kissing" has been banned. Childbirth may now be "treated within the careful limits of good taste." Abortion may be "suggested," but must be seriously "condemned." Seduction, rape, adultery and fornication "shall not be explicitly treated, nor . . . justified." Prostitutes and their managers are now restricted to a once-over-lightly treatment. But the ban stays on perversion and venereal disease. If occasion demands, infants' sex organs may now be exposed.
- ♣ Narcotics. Drug addiction and all its byproducts may now be freely depicted, but only if damned on all counts.
- ♣ Bigotry and Prejudice. Miscegenation may now be handled discreetly, but anything inciting hatred among peoples is taboo. To be "avoided": the use of the words "chink, dago, frog, greaser, hunkie, kike, nigger, spik, wop, yid."

New Picture

Baby Doll (Newtown: Warner) is just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited. In condemning it, the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency declared: "It dwells almost without variation or relief upon carnal suggestiveness."¹⁰ The statement is true enough, but there is room for doubt that the carnality of the picture makes it unfit to be seen. The film was clearly intended—both by playwright Ten-

nessee Williams, who wrote the script, and by Elia Kazan, who directed it—to arouse disgust; not disgust with the film itself, but with the kind of people and the way of life it describes. To the extent that it succeeds, *Baby Doll* is an almost puritanically moral work of art. And yet, as the script continues, long after it has made its moral point, to fondle a variety of sexual symbols and to finger the anatomical aspects of its subject, the moviegoer can hardly help wondering if the sociological study has not degenerated into the prurient peep.

In the early scenes, the camera roots like an indifferent hog through a heap of



CARROLL BAKER & ELI WALLACH
The brink was near the pigpen.

white trash in the Deep South. In a rotting mansion on the Mississippi flats, in an upstairs room filled with dolls and hobbys and empty Coke bottles, a ripe-bodied young woman lies curled in a wrought-iron crib and sucks her thumb as she sleeps. This is Baby Doll Carson McCorkle (Carroll Baker), who "had a great deal of trouble with long division . . . and never got past the fourth grade." In the next room a balding, slack-jawed, middle-aged man, still dressed in frowsty pajamas even though the day is half gone, stares lewdly through a peephole at the sleeping girl. This is Archie Lee Meighan (Karl Malden), the owner of a beat-up old cotton gin, who has just been put out of business by the competition of an interstate syndicate.

Archie Lee and Baby Doll are married. But the marriage, at Baby Doll's mincing insistence and with Archie's slobbering acquiescence, has not been consummated because Baby Doll, who is 19, does not yet consider herself, as she daintily phrases it, "ready for marriage." Frustrated in both business and pleasure, Archie goes berserk

one night and burns down the syndicate gin. The rest of the picture describes, with a degree of Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio, how the syndicate's manager (Eli Wallach) gets his revenge; he not only seduces Baby Doll, but persuades her to give him evidence that it was Archie who burned down the gin.

The seduction scene takes up the better (and decidedly the worse) part of the picture. The seducer starts working on his victim in the middle of a junk heap back of the house. ("We could play hide and seek," he slyly suggests, and she replies, "Ah'm not athletic.") He really gets going in the swing, where the camera closes in on her face while his hands are plainly busy elsewhere ("Oooo," she gasps, "Ah feel so weak"), pushes her toward the brink by the pigpen, and apparently ends up with her in the crib after she coyly suggests that he take a nap ("Yew c'd curl up and let the slats down"). Later, when the heroine murmurs "I feel cool and rested, rested and cool for the first time in my life," it may strike some moviegoers that the language of Tennessee Williams, no less than his subject matter, often seems to have been borrowed from one of the more carelessly written pornographic pulp.

Nevertheless, the picture does have some not inconsiderable merits. Several scenes are models of what might be called picaresque comedy. And Director Kazan, even though he cannot seem to decide whether he is reciting a dark poem or just telling a dirty joke, has won skillful performances from his veterans, Malden and Wallach, and from Newcomer Carroll Baker, of whom the public is certain to hear a great deal more in the next year or two. As Baby Doll, she is the Coke sister of Southern folklore, all the way down to the bottom of the bottle.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Teahouse of the August Moon. Menu: tee-hee (scented with sociology) and a side dish of red-white-and-blue-striped slapstick, charmingly served by Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Machiko Kyo (TIME, Dec. 10).

The Magnificent Seven. Blood and thunder in medieval Japan, masterfully directed by Akira Kurosawa, who made *Rashomon* (TIME, Dec. 10).

Marcelino. A miracle play filled with a shining sweetness, made in Spain by Director Ladislao Vajda (TIME, Nov. 26).

Vitelloni. One of the best of the Italian-made movies—a biting but not bitter satire of small-town life (TIME, Nov. 5).

Around the World in 80 Days. Producer Mike Todd, with the help of Jules Verne, 46 stars and \$6,000,000, has created the most spectacular travogue ever seen on the screen (TIME, Oct. 29).

Giant. In a big (3 hr. 18 min.), tough picture based on Edna Ferber's bestseller about Texas, Director George Stevens digs the rowels of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 23).

¹⁰ In Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral this week, Francis Cardinal Spellman issued a rare condemnation from his pulpit, denouncing *Baby Doll* as "revolting," "odious," "morally repellent" and "gravely offensive to Christian standards of decency." Declared His Eminence: "In solicitude for the welfare of souls entrusted to my care and the welfare of my country, I exhort Catholic people to refrain from patronizing this film under pain of sin."

BOOKS

The Dog Beneath the Skin

JACK LONDON'S TALES OF ADVENTURE (531 pp.)—Edited by Irving Shepard—Hanover House (\$4.95).

Jack London, who is the most popular and widely translated U.S. author in Russia and Iron Curtain countries (according to UNESCO), first became famous just after the turn of the century with



ADVENTURER LONDON
A parable of violence.

three stories—two about dogs and one about a man. They closely resembled each other. Buck was a Saint Bernard and the dog in all the world least likely ever to be drawn by James Thurber, who found life too tame on the trail in *The Call of the Wild* and joined a wolf pack. *White Fang* told of a wolf that left Alaska to become civilized in California. *The Sea Wolf* told of a more or less human character called Larsen, the savage master of a Pacific sealer who could not decide whether he belonged in or out of human society.

London's stories, first read by a generation that was to enter World War I, had a recurring theme: man could revert to barbarism or adapt to civilization. Much of the fascination of London's work and life lay in the fact that he could never decide, for himself or for his characters, which footprints of what gigantic world to follow—the wolf of the wilderness or the Saint Bernard of civilization.

London peopled a whole world with semibarbarians—bucko mates on tramp steamers, sealers in the North Pacific, Seattle waterfront toughs, stiffs riding the rods of Western freight cars—all larger than life, and, because of that, something less than real. This scissors-and-paste collection of his work (with the important dogs missing) is a valuable book for U.S.

readers who have begun to forget London's parables of violence, partly because they see the realities of violence all over the world.

Troil of Superman. London's stories grew directly out of his life. He was born (1876) in rowdy, brawling San Francisco, the illegitimate son of an itinerant Irish astrologer. His mother, abandoned by the stargazer, shot herself (the injury proved slight), and then married John London, a decent man who couldn't stick to any trade and therefore was glamorized by young Jack as "a soldier, trapper, backwoodsman and wanderer." Anyone with such a background might be excused for thinking human nature too complicated to figure out, and London's works—18 novels, 20 collections of short stories, seven nonfiction books, three plays and a mass of journalism—were to deal with simpler people in a simpler world. He followed his own star-snarled destiny where it led, left his stepfather's shabby Oakland home to become an oyster pirate and precocious boozier in his teens. He drank enough red-eye before he was 20 to make *Lost Weekend* seem like a short beer.

One story in this book, *Bonin Islands*, about a fight between Pacific sealers and island natives, evokes a youthful, innocent hunger for strange places and, at the same time, a kind of mindless, hallucinatory quality. Yet it tells of real events that happened when young London, at 16, shipped on a sealer to the islands. After three years of kicking about the Pacific, he returned to the U.S. and, thirsting for knowledge, enrolled as a freshman at Oakland High School. The student literary journal, *Aegis*, published his *Bonin Islands* story, and its stay-at-home readers must have been awed by his breezy voice of experience ("Ah! Life was life then!"). In short order, Student London took off for the Klondike and packed 8,000 lbs. across the Chilkoot Pass. This weight included the works of Darwin, Spencer, Marx and Milton.

He dragged this burden through all his brief life. In succeeding years he bummed round the West, sailed on his own ketch through the South Seas, worked as a war correspondent when wars were available and marched with "Kelley's Army" (a Western version of Coxey's Army). Somewhere along the line he added Nietzsche to his intellectual portage. In all he wrote, the notion of Superman was muddled with the utopian apocalypse of Marx—in about the same proportions in which history for the next two generations would muddle Fascism and Communism.

Sailor on Horseback. He wrote continuously and like a madman, with the lack of self-criticism of the self-educated. Yet he was a generous man of near-genius. He had the kind of gallant foolishness that he himself perfectly summed up by describing himself as a "sailor on horseback"—a quality both lovable and exasperating. He called himself a socialist (though no known socialist state would have given

him leg room). When his books did well, he built himself a thoroughly unsocialist, ranch-style castle in California's Valley of the Moon (it burned down before he could move in). He died at 40, probably a suicide during a fit of depression.

A quick view of this fantastic life and a wide sampling of his work are given in this volume. Included are biographical notes, an album of photographs and excerpts from essays and novels, many autobiographical, e.g., *Martin Eden*, in which London saw himself as a "rough, undisciplined sailor" who ends a suicide. There are also remarkably evocative eyewitness accounts (the San Francisco earthquake, a typhoon off Japan) and 25 short stories, some of them little known. Among the best: *Jan, the Unrepentant*, a hilarious yarn in which some trappers prepare to hang a suspected murderer, and *The Law of Life*, about an Eskimo abandoned in the icy wilderness with only a few sticks of firewood between him and death.

The Russians, no doubt, admire London for his quaintly archaic socialism. Despite his limitations, Americans can still read him for other reasons—a raw vitality and a real storytelling gift.

Coronary

THE YEAR OF MY REBIRTH (342 pp.)—Jesse Stuart—McGraw-Hill (\$4.75).

No man can really begin living until he has come close to dying. That is the message from Poet-Novelist Jesse Stuart to his readers. Busy Author Stuart, who wrote nearly 20 books in 20 years, including the rawboned poetry of *Man with a Bull-Tongued Plow* and bestselling *Taps for Private Tussie*, used to live at top speed. Then, two years ago, at 47, rushing from a lecture in Murray, Ky. to



CONVALESCENT STUART
A promise of heaven.

THE YEAR'S BEST

FICTION

THE LAST HURRAH, by *Edwin O'Connor*. A lusty, irreverent and affectionate fictional portrait of a shrewd gashaw who became a powerful political boss. The story stays on target so steadily that Boston's ex-Mayor Jim Curley still thinks he was having his picture taken.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH, by *Honor Tracy*. Probably the year's funniest novel, a fine Irish stew of a farce in which a visiting Englishman takes on not only the Irish clergy but Ireland as well, in a contest of face saving and legpulling.

THE MERMAIDS, by *Eva Boros*. The year's best love story, and the one most neglected by reviewers. In a pre-war Hungarian setting, a tubercular girl and a supposedly self-contained man play out one of the oldest emotional exchanges, within a framework of exceptionally sensitive writing.

THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE, by *Brian Moore*. The painfully etched life of an old maid as she moves from helplessness to hopelessness in Belfast, Ireland. Dreary and appalling, but so bitterly true that Novelist Moore achieves a small masterpiece of human defeat.

BEYOND THE AEGEAN, by *Ilios Venetis*. The lyrical recollection of a Greek boy's pre-World War I childhood in Anatolia. One of the year's most attractive novels—a remembrance of things past, explored with joyous wonder, grace and dignity.

A SINGLE PEBBLE, by *John Hersey*. Novelist Hersey's best fiction performance to date; a short, graceful story of what happened when a practical U.S. idealist ran head on into ancient Chinese superstition and stubbornness on the Yangtze River three decades ago.

THE QUIET AMERICAN, by *Graham Greene*. Novelist Greene's expedition to wartime Indo-China, showing him as skillful as ever at playing fictional charades with good and evil. His U.S. idealist, born out of Greene's pathological anti-Americanism, comes off only a little worse than his morally bankrupt Englishman, but the book's importance lies in the fact that many Europeans share Greene's phobia.

DOUBTING THOMAS, by *Winston Brebner*. A brief, deceptively simple novel whose hero, a clown, brings a timely reminder that the fatal flaw of

any totalitarian regime is its congenitally inhuman disregard of humanity's best impulses.

YOUR OWN BELOVED SONS, by *Thomas Anderson*. A first novel about the Korean war that has virtues seldom encountered in more highly praised war novels: a surprisingly accurate feeling for the way men really feel during combat, an understanding of the relationship between the leader and the led, a sense of soldierly compassion that never becomes maudlin.

THE PRESENCE OF GRACE, by *J. F. Powers*. A collection of short stories that move about with impressive sureness in the U.S. Roman Catholic world of harried priests and puzzled parishioners, and put Author Powers in the highest bracket of his craft.

THE SAILOR, SENSE OF HUMOR & OTHER STORIES, by *V. S. Pritchett*. Critic Pritchett, who is also one of Britain's top short-story writers, sketching directly from life. The best items in this collection, extremely funny and uncommonly shrewd about people, have the impact of a bitter quarrel overheard.

FREEDOM OR DEATH, by *Nikos Kazantzakis*. Greece's greatest living writer in a passionate affirmation of patriotism, in which 19th century Cretans trade life for the hope of freedom from their Turkish oppressors.

KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING, by *George Orwell*. An early (1936) novel of Orwell's, but new to the U.S. Its slashing satirical attack on left-wing intellectuals and phony-proletarian martyrs of the '30s shows how early Orwell understood that it is the puny fellow traveler who clears the way for Big Brother.

NONFICTION

OLYMPIO: THE LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO, by *André Maurois*. One of the year's very best biographies: a just and urbane study of the virile French poet who was always lustily at home in life, in and out of exile.

THE NUN'S STORY, by *Kathryn Hulme*. The account of a spiritual failure that is more moving than most stories of spiritual success. After 17 years of selfless work and self-laceration, Sister Luke knew that she did not have the nun's vocation; she inspired a fascinating and consistently moving picture of a world and a life that cannot even be imagined by outsiders.

RICHARD THE THIRD, by *Paul Murray Kendall*. A U.S. historian's big, balanced biography of "Richard Crookback" that pleased even Britain's reviewers. Richard may or may not have murdered the princes in the tower, but this book accords him kingly virtues which readers of history have seldom suspected.

SURPRISED BY JOY, by *C. S. Lewis*. A partial autobiography by the Oxford don, which makes Christianity an exciting intellectual adventure as well as an act of faith. Its description of the road that led from indifference to skepticism to a firm belief in God makes this one of the most graceful and credible "conversion" books in years.

BERNARD SHAW, by *St. John Ervine*, and **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: MAN OF THE CENTURY**, by *Archibald Henderson*. The answer to just about all questions that can arise about Shaw for a long time to come. Ervine's book is the more balanced and intimate, Henderson's the more massively researched. Together they leave no doubt of Shaw's gaddy genius.

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR, by *George F. Kennan*. Ex-Ambassador Kennan starts a massive (the first volume of three) attempt to show how U.S. liberal statesmanship tried, and failed, to play ball with Russian ideology during and after World War I. No book this year has documented so carefully and so effectively the impossibility of matching deceit with good will.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE, by *Elizabeth Nowell*. An unconscious autobiography of a sometimes great and nearly always tragic writer. Like Wolfe himself, and like his novels, the letters are one great, formless, undisciplined and tempestuous repository of lust for life, love for the U.S., and passion in personal relationships.

GALLIPOLI, by *Alan Moorehead*. A monument to the British defeat by the Turks at Gallipoli in 1915—which, like many another military disaster, is better remembered for valor than for folly. Combat writing that can stand with the classics in a much overwritten field.

VENICE OBSERVED, by *Mary McCCarthy*. The year's best travel book. Its three telling assets: Venice itself, a place of changeless enchantment; scores of excellent illustrations; and the sharp, civilized mind and fine writing talent of Observer McCCarthy.

catch a chartered plane for another speaking date in Illinois, he was brought crashing to earth by a severe heart attack.

This book is the record of the year that followed. From a hulking, aggressive man-in-a-hurry who liked physical action and plenty of it, Stuart was reduced to an invalid without even the strength to tie his shoelaces. Carried back to the Kentucky hill country where he was born, he became a prisoner in his house. A "No Visitors" sign in the driveway kept away bothersome humans, and Stuart turned gratefully to new friends: the three-legged possum who lived beneath the kitchen, the pewsies nesting by the kitchen door, the baby-handed mole tunneling under the yard. His journal of recovery is alive with the awareness of a man who has found time not only to live life but to examine it, and though most of his conclusions are venerable platitudes, they are stated with all the force and conviction of newly minted truth.

Physically, convalescent Stuart was like a child, having to learn all over again to stand alone and then to walk and, finally, to use his arms and hands and even to put food in his mouth. Mounting a short flight of steps was as exhausting as climbing the Matterhorn. Mentally, he subscribed to a new set of values in which the blades of grass and daisies in a pasture had more intrinsic worth than the expensive cattle that fed on them, and nature's annual resurrection in spring seemed proof of the presence of God and the promise of heaven. For other survivors of heart attack Stuart has some cautionary words. Much more than the heart can be affected. His vision dropped abruptly from 20-20 to the point where he was unable to read newspaper headlines without the help of glasses. And the months immediately following an attack bring with them fits of depression so deep that a man believes "he is through in his profession and in life."

In compensation, as he slowly recovers strength the patient feels reborn and cast in a different mold—more tolerant, more kindly, more reflective than before. Says Stuart: "My world had been a thousand friends in a hundred cities, ten cups of coffee and loud talk until three in the morning. Now my world was reduced to my home, my farm, my hills. I lived more closely with my wife, my daughter, my animal friends. I thought more deeply of my God." And implicit in the book is the strongly held feeling that the close brush with death was well worth the cost.

God & Woman

SON OF DUST (288 pp.)—H. F. M. Prescott—Macmillan [\$3.75].

Fulcan Geroy is damned as only a man can be who passionately loves both God and woman. The lord of Montgaudri, a fief on the borders of 11th century Normandy, Fulcan spends the opening chapter trying to nerve himself to ravish a comely peasant girl. But when he finally decides to act, he discovers that the girl has already been raped by his loutish

younger brother. In rage and remorse, Fulcan "hated the whole of human kind. He knew now . . . how God must hate the vile and shameful flesh."

His next, and most lasting, torment is Alde, the wife of Mauger of Fervacques. They fall in love at the court of William the Conqueror, and Fulcan is plunged once more into Hamlet-like indecision. He has three chances to kill Mauger—once in battle and twice in duels—but fumbles each opportunity. He kidnaps Alde but soon infects her with his own goading conscience, and, out of pity and a conviction of sin, she returns to her battered husband. Fulcan carries his passion about like a plague and involves all his kinsmen in his ruin.

Throughout, Fulcan pursues God as closely as he does Alde. He goes barefoot



NOVELIST PRESCOTT
Passion like a plague.

to a hostile bishop to escape excommunication. He becomes a novitiate monk. But God, like the woman, will not have him as a servant, and he retreats at last to a ramshackle hut on the coast of Brittany to live in humble poverty. This, seemingly, is his final penance, for Alde comes to him: "She took his hand, and they went on together to the hayfield through the cool heavy dew . . ."

First published in England 25 years ago, *Son of Dust* is laced with the sort of distinctive, evocative writing that has marked Author Prescott's more ambitious and accomplished works, e.g., *Mary Tudor* (TIME, Nov. 23, 1953) and *Man on a Donkey* (TIME, Sept. 22, 1952). But it is marred by a preening pedantry that too often finds Fulcan leaning on his quillons, sitting on a faldstool, glancing out of a dorter window or camping out on his alod—without benefit of definitions.*

* Quillons are the cross guards of a sword; faldstool is a folding chair; dorter, a monastic dormitory; alod, land that is the absolute property of its owner.

MISCELLANY

Pale Rider. In Orofino, Idaho, Elk Hunter Phil Ingram took aim, fired, dropped his quarry, later agreed to pay Farmer Homer Richardson \$500 for the horse he blasted out from under him.

A Public Office. In Oakland, Calif., after they found \$500 worth of heroin in his car, cops locked up Dope-Peddling Suspect Robert McShann despite his plea: "You gotta let me out of here or there'll be panic in the streets. I was just making deliveries."

The Good Hook. In Nashville, Charles O. Sparrow was caught shoplifting, fined \$50 for swiping a Bible.

I'm Confessin' . . . In Manhattan, Scofflaw Johnny Rafta was arrested, socked with a 30-day sentence and given his choice of a \$2,000 fine or another 116 days in the cooler for ignoring \$8 traffic tickets, after he showed up for his first professional singing engagement at the annual ball of the Traffic Squad Benevolent Association.

God Rest Ye . . . In Grand Island, Neb., the daily *Independent* printed a classified ad:

*For the Family Who Has
Everything for Christmas
3 CHOICE LOTS IN
WEST LAKE CEMETERY*

Detective Story. In Buffalo, ordered to clear the streets of underworldlings after an outbreak of wrongdoing, police dredged up Randolph Benson, charged him with disorderly conduct after they searched him, found he was equipped with a knife, a length of rubber hose and a volume entitled: *The Blue Book of Crime*.

Truth Serum. In Pittsburgh, Motorist Francis Weiss admitted that he had downed "five or six cocktails," was acquitted of drunken driving after flabbergasted Judge Robert E. McCreary observed it was "only the second time I've heard a defendant admit to having more than a couple of beers."

The Great Debase. In Vancouver, B.C., School Trustee George Robson proposed that schoolchildren no longer be sent to Victoria to see the provincial legislature in action, charged that the trips "were of doubtful educational value" because the students "heard a great deal of acrimony and saw unparliamentary conduct on both sides of the house."

Ad Astra. In Tokyo, after he clambered up the 100-ft. smokestack of the Central Post Office wearing a Santa Claus costume, unfurled a huge banner touting a nightclub Christmas party and was dragged back to earth by guards, Adman Teruo Sawashige explained to law officers: "I was told to do something extra novel."

A pleasure that has
grown steadily for over
three centuries...
to receive a bottle
of Pinch...so...
Don't be vague...
Give Haig & Haig





Photograph by d'Arco

Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight !

Indeed, Christmas *is* everywhere. In peaceful hamlets, in bustling cities, on lonely hills and sandy deserts—wherever there are people who respond to the joyous spirit that fills the world at Christmas time.

And always a part of that spirit is the universal hope that life will be better, fuller and more abundant for all mankind. This hope is being fulfilled in many ways as science unfolds new wonders and puts them to work for the benefit of all of us. Among the blessings wrought by scientific research are new ways to combat illness and suffering, better standards of health, more years for living, release from drudgery in daily chores, and new freedom from ancient fears.

American Cyanamid Company is privileged to take part, through chemical research and development, in this ceaseless effort that is bringing so many real benefits and adding to the fullness of life and the joys we celebrate at Christmas.




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BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE THROUGH CHEMISTRY